THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXI NOVEMBER 1960 No. 11

THE ETHICS OF REVIEWING BOOKS

[**Professor A. R. Wadia,** Director of the Tata Institute of Social Sciences, Chembur, Bombay, and himself the author of several books, writes of the reviewer's place in the world of books. An exacting standard of criticism would do much to improve the quality of our literatures and Professor Wadia suggests ways of raising the standard of book-reviewing in the country.— ED.]

IT IS A TRITE OBSERVATION that there is no end to the publication of books. With the growing mass literacy even in comparatively backward countries, there is a tremendous demand for reading material and that has been met by the publication of books—good, bad and indifferent. This very heterogeneous character of publications makes it very necessary that there should be some agencies to sift the wheat from the chaff, to focus public attention on publications which are really good and to warn against publications which are trashy, unscholarly and not worth writing, still less worth publishing or reviewing. As one can see, the reviewer has become a very important part of our book trade. There will always be authors willing enough to write books and there will have to be publishers willing to publish these books. Once they are published, their quality will have to be sifted by a responsible class of reviewers. Certain newspapers and magazines have built up such a high reputation that for a book to be reviewed in their columns is itself a recognition of its worth. But this prestige should not be allowed to work to the detriment of a good author. Rarely does a book find uniformly good reviews in all journals. There will be some which will be critical, even hostile. There may be others which will be unreservedly generous in their estimates. For these reasons, it becomes all the more necessary that every decent reviewer should publish the review of a book over his own signature. Then a person may know whether the reviewer is important enough to be taken seriously, or

whether he has the requisite capacity to review a book of that particular type.

Unfortunately, in our big newspaper offices books for review come not in hundreds but in thousands. It becomes difficult for the editorial staff always to distribute the right book to the right reviewer. Unfortunately, it happens that a junior member of the staff—or a senior member of the staff—knows of a young man who would like to earn a little money by reviewing and passes on the book to him without the slightest regard to his capacities in that direction. The result is often a review which is pompous and unjust. This has happened within my knowledge in the case of a book which was reviewed in such a hostile spirit that the chief editor of the paper had himself to go out of his way to apologize for it. This raises the question whether it should not be a matter of ethics for every reviewer to have the courage to write a review over his own name. He can then praise as he likes, or criticize as he likes. For, if we know the reviewer and something about him and his academic background, it should be possible to measure the worth of his review. It may happen that a senior author, fairly well established, may suddenly find himself criticized by an unknown man in a way which is quite ungentlemanly and the latter can easily get away with it because he can always hide himself behind the veil of anonymity. If the reviewer has the courage to review over his own name, it should be possible for the author to treat the review with contempt, if it deserves contempt; or he can reply to it, if he thinks it is worth replying to.

There is much unemployment among our graduates and it is possible to earn a decent income by reviewing, provided the reviewer has the habit of reading, the ability of gauging and the art of bringing out the best in the book or condemning it if it deserves condemnation. I should like journalists to take up this question and to consider whether it should be open to a man to review a book in a hostile way when he is not qualified to deal with the subject, or when he has a personal animosity against the author. It is only from this standpoint that I venture to put forth these ideas. I am aware that the institution of anonymous reviewing is a very honoured institution in countries like England.

On the other hand I know, for example, how Dr. Radhakrishnan's *Reign of Religion in Contemporary Philosophy* was sent to my own professor, the late Professor Clement C. J. Webb, for review. At the time Dr. Radhakrishnan was comparatively unknown. But the review, coming from a philosopher with an established reputation, and in the pages of the *Times Literary Supplement*, certainly gave to the book a prestige which it richly deserved. Unfortunately, the high traditions of English newspapers have

not yet come to India. The best of our papers are comparatively inferior, and it is all the more necessary in our country to build up certain standards of professional etiquette.

A. R. WADIA

THE GENTLE COMPANY

When music rises like a prayer
Through thin and lofty cloistered air,

Soaring, it echoes, seems to flow
With other music, long ago,

And round the sacred aged stones
It blends and touches other tones.

And with the singers, row on row,
Join voices that they do not know.

Clear as a stream, and gentle, sweet,
Of holy ones with silver feet.

Softly they wait by secret stair,
To breathe their murmur through the air.

The silence echoes as they wait,
Expectant, inarticulate,

And when the music breaks and sings,
Their shuttered melody has wings.

Vibrant and warm, no longer they
Imprisoned in a world of grey,

And time and space forget their bounds,
When living music soars and sounds.

When music rises, tender, fair,
A gentle company is there.

NORMA SCULLY

RESPECT FOR THINGS

[**Professor George Bosworth Burch,** who teaches philosophy at the Tufts College, Massachusetts, U.S.A., bases his thoughtful article on the American existentialist Henry Bugbee's work, *The Inward Morning*.—ED.]

GREATNESS OF MIND is measured by the extent of our concern. Criminals prepared to kill any person who may come in their way are concerned only for themselves. Clansmen who identify themselves with their tribe regard the lives of the other members as sacred, but recognize no obligation to outsiders. Patriotic citizens will not murder a fellow citizen, but are willing to kill citizens of enemy countries. Pacifists identify themselves with all humanity, regarding it as an organic whole any harm to which is a harm to every part. Vegetarians, recognizing the dignity of consciousness and evil of pain wherever found, extend the Golden Rule to all sentient beings. And some, like the Jains or like Albert Schweitzer, go so far as to teach reverence for life as such and so for all living beings.

The ultimate extension of concern must embrace all things whatsoever. To respect all things indiscriminately, however, seems to deny both common sense and morality, to reject all evaluation, and to ignore the law to "abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good." Respect for all things is indeed impossible if we evaluate them in accordance with what kind of things they are. It is possible only if we value them because they are. The only attribute which things have in common is existence. Respect for things is respect for being.

Such respect has received literary expression in the recently published work *The Inward Morning** by the American existentialist Henry Bugbee, now Professor of Philosophy at the Montana State University. In this book emphasis on things rather than interpretations is a dominant theme. The influence of the French existentialist Gabriel Marcel, who has provided an introduction, is apparent and acknowledged. But this is existentialism with a difference. Most European existentialists are thinkers who realize the inadequacy of reason and consequent necessity of faith, either for a theoretical understanding of the world or for a practical philosophy of life, but do not have faith—hence their philosophy of despair, limitation, absurdity, disgust. In Bugbee's work the inadequacy of rational explanation is met by Zen-like acceptance of facts. The influence of his other great

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* I am indebted to the Bald Eagle Press, State College, Pennsylvania, for permission to quote from this book.

teacher, the Zen Buddhist, D. T. Suzuki, is also apparent. The meaning of things is in their being, not in their failure to be what they are not. The obscure problem how things are is lost in the clear fact that they are.

There is little or no religion in this book. The author discriminates between respect for things themselves and reverence for things as given, but he does not discuss their Source. His concern is with the things—not things as a whole (the universe) but things individually.

> I do not mean concern for "things in general." I mean, on the contrary, a concern which is concretely an experience of things in the vein of individuality (p. 218)

Whatever their source, "things exist in their own right." And, whatever their essence, they are important because they exist.

> Things are of infinite importance in existing. But, as Kant says, existing is not a character of things; it is their givenness. And since the givenness of things is what I take to be the foundation of respect for *them*, I cannot see that emphasis on things of a certain character, affords an ultimate purchase for interpreting the possibility of respect. On this point I have seemed to differ rather radically from a great deal of the thought with which I am acquainted. Thus, for example, I have been unable to follow that tradition of thinking personality to be a necessary character of anything deserving respect. (p. 155)

Here Bugbee departs from Kant as well as from Plato, and presents himself as a thoroughgoing existentialist. Kant's personalism demands respect for all things which are persons, that is, which are like ourselves. Plato's rationalism demands respect for all things which are intelligibly good, that is, which appeal to our rational faculty. Bugbee's existentialism demands respect for all things which exist. He does not require that they justify themselves to him as a rational person. It is enough that they have justified themselves to the Source of being.

> Respect for things as existing is a vision of things, a realization, which tends to clarify the inadequacy of naturalistic doctrines (including *supernaturalistic* ones), even if it does not bring with it an alternative set of doctrines (p. 130)

The existentialist has no theories. In particular, as Marcel points out in the introduction, he has no "theory of value." Our concern is to appreciate being, not to judge it.

The book is intensely personal, being a diary of the author's own experience, but at the same time truly universal, for that experience is a vision of the being which makes us all fellow beings. Such, for example, was the swamp.

> It seemed as if there were no way of not getting into the swamp. Once thoroughly in, the acknowledgment would come over you that it couldn't be otherwise, and you could abandon yourself to the swamp, water and all. How deep could the water get? It was not particularly pleasant, as I recall. I can remember the shivering cold. But there was no mistake about the gladness of being in the swamp or the immanence of the wilderness there. (p. 43)

Such, again, was a certain Chief Boatswain's Mate in battle.

> In that moment when the Chief became continuous fire, gun and plane came to seem one, so that we might as well have had the pilot aboard and the Chief might have been at the controls of the plane. In that moment I saw beyond the war. Into this transcendence the Chief carried us all. (p. 188)

But he goes on to say that he remembers the Chief best "from times that were not spectacular, which partook of the everyday concerns." Such experiences are enjoyed without being explained, like the song of a bird.

> I have seldom seen this bird; I guess I have not looked for it, for any particular source from which its song might be coming. The song is so pure, so infinitely near and far so definitive of finality in its very self — as sound to be heard — so much the very heart of anything and everything, so intimate and so utterly other; the song itself invites terminal acceptance. What more is there to be said? And what would be the point of looking for the bird which sings this song? (p. 194)

Bugbee rejects the concept of philosophy as certainty ("enthusiasm for particular little nuggets of truth, however low in carat") or as agnosticism ("explicit disavowal of the possibility of possessing explicit criteria" cloaking "implicit claim to the possession of an implicit criterion") or as criticism ("the attenuation of experienced reality which comes of ignoring concrete realization; for example in the interest of explicating our title to empirical knowledge of a world of objects"). Philosophy is rather "a distillate experience of our condition as active beings." Bugbee, like Thoreau, is never more at home than when alone in the wilderness, but he also responds to men, especially at moments when action and commitment are called for. When the waves are breaking over the destroyer's bridge is no time to speculate on whether the war conduces to the greatest happiness of the greatest number; another cup of coffee is more relevant.

Unlike empirical thinking, which is in terms of properties of things, experiential thinking is in terms of their existence, finality, individuality and universality. It calls for enjoyment rather than explanation, action rather than speculation, gladness rather than pleasure. Above all it calls

for responsible commitment, "commitment in depth." Commitment, unlike mere choice, is irrevocable, because it determines what we ourselves become. Each man has an absolute stake in life, but for each man it is different, his individual vocation, and this is determined by his commitments. Philosophers are committed to self-examination, but we are not all philosophers. It is not the unexamined life which, as Socrates said, is not worth living, but the life without vocation. Life, like reflection, does not know where it is going. The motive for acting is not a reason but an affirmation.

This rich, earthy, serious, realistic philosophy is an answer to the triviality of contemporary analytic philosophy on the one hand and the morbidity of recent existentialism on the other. Its affirmative optimistic spirit is in sharp contrast to the negative attitude of those existentialists who stress the finitude, disillusionment, and meaninglessness of existence. The critical, condemning, moralistic attitude of spectator philosophy is transcended in the authentic experience of commitment in depth based on respect for things. Our concern is limited in practice by the breadth of our experience and the depth of our ability to respond, but it is not limited in theory by the unworthiness of things. The humility which refuses to judge other persons or other things as unworthy of our concern makes possible the respect by which we are committed to them, and this in turn makes possible the insight by which we discover the union between ourselves and all things.

GEORGE BOSWORTH BURCH

THINGS eternal are better than things which are transitory.

—LATIN PROVERB

AN INDIVIDUAL RESPONSE TO THE NUCLEAR CHALLENGE

[In this thoughtful article **Yuvaraj Karan Singh,** Sadar-i-Riyasat of the Jammu and Kashmir State, rejects both the "desperate nonchalance" which ignores the possibility of imminent world disaster and the materialistic view of the universe, a view devoid of hope and inspiration. He chooses to believe with the Vedantist in a Divine purpose and spirit immanent in all creation and following from this in the indestructibility of the soul. From these beliefs comes the spiritual strength which permits him to look with equanimity on the problems of the day and to strive calmly and selflessly for world peace and international understanding. His approach is "an approach of faith, of hope, of confidence in the potentialities of the individual human being."—ED.]

THE RECENT AEROPLANE INCIDENT has dramatically illustrated the fact—if indeed reiteration of such an obvious truth was required—that despite all talk of peaceful co-existence and lessening of tensions the world still totters excruciatingly near the brink of a dreadful precipice. It was bad enough for us to feel that our future existence on this planet and that of those near and dear to us was at the mercy of a very few men in whose hands happened to be the leadership of the nuclear powers. But what is even more chilling is the realization that the foolhardiness or lack of judgment of a single person in a comparatively obscure position can set in motion a chain of events that may lead inexorably to world-wide disaster.

We tend to take for granted the good things which Fate, circumstance or our own *Karma,* however we may prefer to term it, has offered us and which we enjoy. Apart from purely material possessions these include emotional relationships with those we love and cherish, æsthetic enjoyment and intellectual activities. But with the threat of nuclear disaster hanging like a Damocles' sword over our heads, and hanging by the very slenderest of threads, all that Mankind holds dear is threatened with extinction. I am not here concerned with the remedies for this situation which have been and are being put forward by thinking people throughout the world—disarmament, world federation and the like. I propose to deal only with the limited, subjective, individual reaction to a situation fraught with the gravest danger for us all.

As I see it, the individual response can fall broadly into three categories. The first is an attitude of what might be called desperate nonchalance. The issues are so vast and so involved that many people just refuse to worry about them, on the plea that as the individual cannot in

any case *do* anything about it, it is best to ignore the whole matter and continue to live as if the problem never existed. This may seem on the face of it a reasonable and sensible attitude, but it will not stand up to closer analysis. As the issues impinge inexorably upon the individual he cannot run away from them on the plea of his insignificance. Furthermore, for anyone who has thought at all deeply about the problem, this approach does not and cannot give any abiding satisfaction.

The problem, then, has to be faced up to, and this brings us to the remaining two approaches. To my mind the crux of the matter is our view of the nature of the universe, of the human personality and of their mutual relationship. If we subscribe to a materialistic and mechanistic view of the universe — which, incidentally, need not by any means be crude or vicious, as the writings of Lord Russell so eloquently indicate — then the danger before us becomes so fantastic that, frankly, it seems to me to be almost impossible to deal with it. If we look upon the whole creation, including the comparatively insignificant race of *homo sapiens*, as merely a fortuitous conglomeration of atoms, then indeed it appears that the fortune which brought about our existence is on the wane and we should soon expect to be disintegrated into our pre-conglomerate state! Perhaps a "scientific" view of human history will teach us that this will not in fact be such a disaster after all, as the world existed long before the race came into being and will continue to do so long after it has vanished. But the fact remains that for the individual this is a view devoid of hope and inspiration.

"So it is," I can hear Lord Russell saying, "but we should not therefore allow ourselves to be led into false hopes and beliefs for which no 'scientific' evidence exists." Perhaps he is right, but the third response is one which cannot be ruled out. This is based upon what one might call a spiritual, idealistic or teleological approach to the problem of human existence or, to use a more Indian term, a Vedantic approach. According to this, the whole creation has a Divine purpose and is the manifestation of a Divine power, an ultimate Reality that is the very basis of its existence. The Divine spirit is thus immanent in all creation, and particularly so in the human race which has travelled a fair distance on the evolutionary path leading to spiritual realization. Thus we have within us a spark of the Divine, and this spark is indestructible alike by the sword and the most powerful of nuclear weapons. From these premises, two corollaries flow. Firstly, if it is part of the Divine plan that the particular speck of cosmic dust we call the world shall be destroyed by nuclear explosions, so it shall be destroyed and nothing any of us can do will

prevent it. This, may I immediately and emphatically add, does not at all mean that we should cease to strive for world peace and international understanding. So to strive to the utmost of our power and understanding is indeed our foremost duty as members of the race, but it must be a calm, selfless striving as indicated in the *Bhagavad-gita*, without laying too much stress upon the fruits of our actions. Secondly, we must be firm in the conviction that even if, despite our best efforts, such an event as a nuclear holocaust were to occur, our real Self will not be destroyed although our material bodies might be blasted to smithereens and blown to the four corners of the earth. These convictions should give us the strength, equanimity and courage to face the crucial problems that loom menacingly before us. But a real and abiding *solution* of the problems is only possible if we are able to make contact with and actively experience the true Reality which resides alike within us and within the entire creation. "There is no such thing," the materialist will shout. Perhaps not, but I prefer this hypothesis, the correctness of which has been reaffirmed by some of the greatest minds in every part of the world ever since the dawn of history, to the hopeless and enervating materialistic premise. It is an approach of faith, of hope, of confidence in the Divine potentialities of the individual human being.

YUVARAJ KARAN SINGH

NOTHING in the affairs of men is worthy of great anxiety.

— PLATO: *Republic*

HOW AUSTRALIA MAY HELP HER NEIGHBOURS

[WE have pleasure in welcoming to our pages **Mr. M. J. Knottenbelt**, of Victoria, Australia. His thoughtful essay was awarded a prize in a Junior Chambers of Commerce International Contest in 1959, though it is now being published for the first time. After his education at Oxford, Mr. Knottenbelt saw army service in India and Burma, and as a civilian worked in Java; these years gave him an interest in Asia. He has done much work in economic research, and is vitally interested in the lot of the remnant of aborigines in Australia.

Differences of technical opinion on the economic policies he suggests are possible; but there is a wholesome concern for the outside world in his approach to his own country's prosperity, a practical sense of universal brotherhood.—ED.]

SOME SIXTY YEARS AGO, the then Mr. Bryce observed:—

> For economic purposes all mankind is fast becoming one people, in which the hitherto backward nations are taking a place analogous to that which the unskilled workers have held in each one of the civilized nations.[1]

Were the late Lord Bryce now able to run his eye over this passage, with pencil poised, it is likely that, with the additional experience of two global wars behind him, he would strike out the word "civilized." He would probably prefer to convey his meaning with the term "technologically advanced," or perhaps "industrialized." It is unlikely that he would find his words at variance with events in any other respect. What was then "fast becoming" has now come about. For, amongst the peoples of this shrunken world, the rich are growing richer and the poor, more often than not, poorer.

Of the richer countries in the world, Australia, which in area is one of the largest and in population one of the smallest, lies closest to the principal concentration of poverty, *viz.*, the southern fringe of Asia, which, likewise, contains the densest concentration of people in the world.

The initial purpose of this essay is to suggest that it will be to the advantage of all, and not least to that of Australia herself, if the development of her potential is moulded on the recognition that the conditions outlined above are those which dominate. Either her economic development is designed to help find a solution to the problem implied in those condi-

[1] Quoted in J. A. HOBSON: *Imperialism: A Study* (1902), p. 355.

tions, or it is directed towards other goals and touches on this problem only incidentally. Here more ultimate values come into play, which cannot be ignored if discussion of what is "best" is to be meaningful. Economic policies can be evaluated only in terms of the goals set by society. Each generation must needs apply itself to working out these aims afresh. Failure to do so inevitably leads to effort frittering itself away in the pursuit of aims selected in the past to meet conditions which mostly will have ceased to be. Australia being a political democracy, situated in an area where democracy is but a very tender shoot, the quality of the breath of life which she blows into the word "democracy" may greatly influence the destinies of many peoples other than her own. If this be so, then a definition of democracy which might merit serious consideration is "that frame of mind by virtue of which a people chooses to be collectively fortunate rather than nationally formidable."[2]

This point may warrant a more explicit statement. The argument of this article refers to the potential of this country. The basic issue, it is now suggested, is whether we take "this country" to read "this Nation State" or "this area, called the Commonwealth of Australia." Our whole tradition inclines us towards the first interpretation. Common sense strongly favours the second. Following the former will render it virtually inescapable to accept the major premise that Australia must make herself nationally more formidable. In this connection it has been pointed out that "Man in the community is at least half civilized, but the State is still primitive, essentially a huge beast of prey."[3] But if we follow our second interpretation, it prepares the way to that higher level of economic integration, cutting across national frontiers, which is the prerequisite to making peoples collectively more fortunate. This view has served as mainspring to the painfully slow economic integration of Western Europe. The well-being of the peoples cupped between the Indian and Pacific oceans clearly demands the emergence of a similar attitude.

While in some respects the problems here are assuredly far more complex than those encountered in Europe, in other ways they may well be found to be surprisingly more simple. But one thing is quite certain: until such time as an initiative is taken in examining these problems in this light, no progress will be made in solving them. Here is a field wide open to the exercise of leadership. For some four hundred and fifty years the relationship between Europe and Asia has been coloured by the clear-cut

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[2] From T. VEBLEN: *Essays in Our Changing Order* (New York. 1934), p. 364.

[3] From S. RADHAKRISHNAN: *Eastern Religions and Western Thought* (London. 1939), p. 17.

technological superiority of European peoples, coupled with a moral influence of highly dubious worth. Australia has reaped a rich material inheritance from this relationship, for, as Hobson has remarked: "The exploitation of other portions of the world, through military plunder, unequal trade and forced labour, has been the one great indispensable condition in the growth of European Capitalism."[4] If now Australia acknowledges the challenge with which history and geography confront her, and, facing it with moral and technological capacity in equal parts, accepts the mantle of leadership for which she is so eminently fitted, then she may with greater confidence look forward to the time when her Asian neighbours may say: "For centuries we paid tribute, and on the whole received little in return but a few charitable handouts, and Western medicine to raise the spectre of Malthus amongst us, and ideas which have torn us asunder, like Communism, sprung from the Christian faith.[5] But with Australia it has been otherwise. That which we have contributed to her development, she has chosen to regard not as a forfeit, but rather as a loan, a loan which has, meanwhile, been amply repaid."

It may be noted that between now and the close of this century, world population is expected to jump from under 3,000,000,000 to over 5,500,000,000. Present annual increase is around 47,000,000 at a rate which is itself increasing. According to a recent U. N. survey, about 73% of mankind is at present undernourished, and to set this to rights would require an increase of 25% in food production.[6]

Broadly speaking, the dictates of machine technology—large-scale production based on intensive utilization of equipment—have not been applied to agriculture as they have to manufacturing. Because Australia is a high-wage country, and because her agriculture has traditionally been oriented to the high-cost markets of the older industrial communities, it has hitherto been regarded as more or less axiomatic that she can never produce cheap food for Asia on the scale which is required. Yet the question is well worth asking whether, in the present age, when rockets reach towards the moon, production in agriculture is not organized on a ludicrously small scale as compared with what would be required if technology

[4] Quoted in K. M. PANIKKAR: *Asia and Western Dominance* (1953), p. 484.

[5] "Like Christianity and Islam, Communism is a faith and an image of society in history which has deep roots in eschatological Judaism. Looked at in the long view of history, the present events in China may represent not so much the contact of the Chinese with Marx, as their contact with Moses." — K. BOULDING: *The Image* (The University of Michigan Press. 1956), p. 147.

[6] Figures from Dr. DAVID WARREN: "A Scientist's View of Tomorrow's World," in the *C. A. E. Bulletin* (Melbourne, March 1959).

were to be given its head.

> Economic progress [G. C. Allen wrote some years ago] springs less from the detailed improvements effected in the methods of established industries than from massive innovations which lead to the creation of new ones. In other words, the rise in material wealth depends not so much upon steady progress in turning out familiar things (although of course that is important enough) as upon the discovery of new ways of producing things, and upon finding new things to produce.[7]

With these points in mind, let us now consider what might be the outcome if Australia's capacity for food production were to be subjected to searching scrutiny.

Farms in the richest dairying district in Victoria average 60 cows to 90 acres; it is doubtful whether this is any more than ten times the size of farms in the Middle Ages. Yet one might reasonably assert that in every branch of the economy which has really set the pace in development, production units now are likely to be nearer to one thousand times the size of their mediæval counterparts. If now it is conceded that in agriculture also a greatly increased scale of operations could bring about a commensurate reduction in costs, then, if reducing costs really *is* important, the factors standing in the path of larger-scale production may reasonably be called upon to explain why they should continue to exist. For, on the face of it, it would seem that not only dairy products, but also, on a yet larger scale, meat and wheat, rice and soya, not to mention such more suitable cereals as have yet to be evolved by agricultural science, could be raised throughout Australia in paddocks measured by hundreds of square miles. A new industry, the agricultural contractors, based on the larger population centres, could carry out all seasonal and discontinuous tasks, with machines of a size as yet undreamt of, worked in round-the-clock shifts by highly skilled crews in air-conditioned cabins. Or perhaps these machines, as also the heavy aircraft spreading fertilizer, or making rain, would be controlled by radio. Indeed the aircraft might be able to lift the machines by sections, so that, for instance, within a day of closing down on a job in the Kimberleys, they could start up on the next in the Riverina; or be flown, once or twice a year, across the Tasman Sea, if New Zealand also is prepared to carry through the necessary structural reorganization of her agriculture. Almost certainly the contractors would require to schedule their operations quite six months ahead, which should become practicable once the information obtained during the International

[7] From "Economic Progress — Retrospect and Prospect," in *The Economic Journal*, Vol. 60, p. 463.

Geophysical Year, and from rockets in the skies, makes weather forecasting accurate.

Can such a proposal lay claim to common sense? Of all groups in the community, is not that of the Captains of Industry one whose common sense is most manifestly above reproach? Assuredly this is the case, and it is therefore not unexpected—though not, for that reason, any the less welcome—that the chairman of a leading company wrote, under the title "Productivity, Progress and Peace": "To establish this mutually beneficial trade we must help these [under-privileged] countries to abolish hunger so that they can make full use of their resources."[8] For of course he was aware that, as at present organized, Australian agriculture does not remotely approach the low-cost level which would enable it to market, at a profit, food for the Asian masses. From the fact that he nevertheless included this observation in his article, it is reasonable to infer that he also was thinking in terms of what Allen has called "massive innovations."

The Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was born of vigour and yet besmirched by narrow self-seeking. Perhaps the historians of the year 2060 may point to the agricultural revolution of the late twentieth century as having conferred no less a benefit upon mankind, and far more favourably in terms of human cost. To them it may seem most fitting that this surge in human welfare should have originated in a young and fearless land.

M. J. KNOTTENBELT

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[8] Sir MILES THOMAS in the *Review* (Institute of Public Affairs, Victoria. April–June 1959), p. 63.

WHAT USE IS ZEN?

[**Miss P. T. N. Kennett** is a Member of Council of the Buddhist Society, London, and lectures and takes classes in Zen Buddhism. She is also a musician and has composed an oratorio based on *The Light of Asia*. Her lively article centres upon a basic philosophical truth — that experiences are not to be liked or disliked but seen in their reality and understood. When they are truly understood, the simplest events are significant and satisfying.—ED.]

SO MANY PEOPLE these days take up a religion out of curiosity to see if "it is right for them" that I decided this article should deal with the subject that is at the back of the minds of all of us when we look at something new; that is, what use will it be to me? This is how most of us start off and, if we are intelligent and discerning, we rapidly discover the true meaning of that little word "me" and deal with it accordingly. We must, however, start from a selfish basis because human beings are selfish in their undisciplined state and all too few realize that discipline is synonymous with freedom. The fact that we are all on the "me" side is no stigma whilst we are unaware of anything higher; it is quite natural.

Zen will teach you how to get rid of self and find that freedom which is enlightenment. It teaches the truth in a blinding flash when we are least expecting it and that realization is the moment of truth. It teaches the meaning of all things, whether grave or gay. It teaches the meaning of the cold tears, the real ones (not the easily flowing, emotional ones which we all experience), that are wrung from the heart slowly like drops of blood and without which no creature can truly say that he has ever been unhappy or truly knows the meaning of the word, just as much as it will teach you the joy that passes the bounds of the gates of paradise. For Zen is experience in all its forms. The Zen Master is as likely to burst into tears as he is into laughter. The difference between him and us is that he understands the meaning of both and realizes that joy and sorrow are one; for experience is as continuous as is the flowing river of life with which it is synonymous — what we call the opposites are merely the different facets which it shows by turns, never seen in the same light, but, fundamentally, all one. Life is the kaleidoscope: Zen the true understanding of the patterns that it forms.

Zen will not remove the bitterness or unhappiness of the tears: the Zen Master can grieve. The only thing is that he will do so wholeheartedly and single-mindedly, fully understanding and, therefore, accepting it, whereas most people only scratch the surface of grief or, for that matter,

joy. They think solely in terms of emotion or sensation. The breeze that ruffles their hair is, to them, a sensation and not an idea. These people go about their daily life with blinkers over their minds' eyes, seeing everything with their physical eyes and nothing with their hearts. Both sensation and idea are essential to make up an integral whole which will achieve full understanding. People such as this are worse than cabbages; at least the cabbage is being wholeheartedly a cabbage. Death for such people is the zenith of sensation which they either crave or dread solely because it is the zenith. Zen teaches how truly to die just as much as it teaches how truly to live. It will remove neither the pain nor the happiness of either, but it will remove the lie which most of us live daily both to ourselves and to our fellow men.

Most of you who read this will have heard of the *koan*: the nonsensical question posed by the Master to which is given a nonsensical answer by the pupil. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," says Gray's line. How well the Zen Masters understand this! Most people live in ignorance and never notice the necessity for anything more. It is well the *koan* is framed in nonsensical terms and appears to them as nonsense. The mere contemplation of its true meaning is frightening, to say the least, to all except the few who are strong enough to face the ultimate reality, the understanding of the riddle of life and death; and, when they have faced it and understood it, are ready to laugh, not as the world laughs, but with the ear-splitting belly laugh which shakes the rocks, the mountains and the foundations of the earth, the laughter which the world calls ill-bred because it judges by its own narrow, man-made standards and not by those which are the corner-stone of the universe, and is, therefore, afraid of anyone who is true enough to himself to fly in the face of its accepted standards.

The *koan* explains the splendid courage of the Samurai, the great Japanese warriors, who, prior to going into battle, went to the Zen monastery. These were men who would sit at the feet of the Zen Master a few hours before the battle, their war accoutrements outside the door, ready when the interview was over to go forth and terrify the enemy. Such a warrior knew no fear; he had already solved the *koan* and accepted the solution; he was dead already, for he had faced death and accepted it; so how could he feel fear? No enemy could stand against him morally or physically. The enemy was still alive and, as such, subject to the fear of death; even when he managed to kill, the courage and lofty philosophy of the dead Samurai made his triumph an empty, echoing mockery, an embarrassing act on the part of the enemy since there was nothing more he could do. To a race

with a lowly philosophy this method of training would mean a sheer brutalizing of men; hence the danger of wrong motives when undertaking it; but the Samurai made it pure and, dare I say it, sacred. What warriors! What courage! What a philosophy! These men understood the meaning of the word courage in a way that only the greatest Westerners have found by accident. We have no teaching in the West to equal it.

This is just one of the outward and visible results of Zen teaching, but there are many more. Acceptance of truth is the key, with an accent on the word "acceptance," for truth can be pretty terrifying at times, that is, if we know what truth is. Few of us are willing to face the unpleasant fact that most of our misfortunes are of our own making, especially if we are young; we pay lip-service to the Buddhist doctrine of Karma and then get restive when our *karma* is not what we would like it to be. The big trouble here is that youth is immortal, as, indeed, it must and should be. One day something happens and we are immortal no longer. The reality of this slaps us in the face, and it is then that we begin to learn the meaning of acceptance, true acceptance; acceptance first of the transiency of mortal life, perhaps because we have very nearly died during an illness or merely because we realize we are getting old. How many of us, I wonder, are willing to accept this simple, fundamental truth, that we *are* growing old? Yet it is not until we have accepted it that we can come to the realization that there is *no* decay and death.

"When one is young," says the Zen Master, "trees are trees and mountains are mountains. Then one learns a little and trees are no longer trees and mountains are no longer mountains. Then comes wisdom and trees are once again trees and mountains are once again mountains." Anyone who has faced the calm, penetrating stare of a young child knows this to be true. The tragedy is that the child is enlightened but does not know it and, with our modern civilization, we carefully educate it out of that happy state.

We ourselves are all enlightened and, unlike the child, know it; what is strange, however, is that we do not accept the fact! Once again the accent is on acceptance and that Zen can teach us by shocking us into it through a flash of intuitive understanding which would not have been possible if we had not worked at our *koan*. "Man stands in his own shadow and wonders why it is dark." Would you be willing to turn round? Search within your heart and see. If you are truly seeking truth, then Zen is for you, but you must not mind if some of the things you discover are unpleasant. You will not be flooded with light when you turn round; no trumpets will sound to herald the arrival of a new saint; but you will *know* in a way in which

you have never known before. The light will flow from you in an incessant stream; you will be so balanced as to be a whole human being, perfectly poised in all things, perfectly centred, neither good nor bad, with darkness and light so blended that they will be one and you will be you: the "you" that you were meant to be. You will be the world, the wind or a dusky, golden and smoky sunset. You will be all the sorrows and all the pain that is in the world; all the joy and all the pleasure. You will be all living creatures; *you will be the universe.* This is the use of Zen. If this is what you seek, follow its teaching; but, if you seek wealth or any form of self-aggrandizement or personal gain, leave Zen alone. This is a solemn warning; for Zen is an edged tool that can destroy as surely as it can create and there is nothing more dangerous than wrong or impure motives. But if you seek it for pure reasons so that you may benefit all, yourself included, then work at it; work until your brain reels and is numb; until there is within you a red-hot ball of iron searing your heart, brain, mind; and, at the moment when the self can hold out no longer, when something must crack, the blinding flash will come, so blinding, so awful and yet so simple that you will laugh, madly, gaily, truly, for you will be enlightened, and you will *know* that impostor "self" for what it really is. You will probably, then, after your greatest moment, do something like emptying the dustbin or feeding the cat; for you will know the meaning of that too.

P. T. N. Kennett

A PAINTING

A master-hand reveals
With delicate zest
Delightful nuances
By us unguessed.

The truth which lies behind
Beauty we see
Is crystallized herein
Immortally.

Herbert Bluen

FIVE VOICES ON POETIC DRAMA

[**Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar,** who has contributed often to our pages, writes this time of poetic drama in the context of what some outstanding critics have had to say of its subtle power to penetrate into man's inner life to give us "a vision of man in his intensest moments, thereby enlarging our understanding and filling us with the stern joy of living and striving." He feels that, like the minstrel of old, the writer of today can through this potent medium reawaken humanity to the innermost truth of things.— ED.]

DRAMA at one time—for a long time—meant only poetic drama. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides; Bhasa, Kalidasa, Bhavabhuti; Corneille and Racine, Calderon and Lope de Vega; Goethe and Schiller—poets all, though they were dramatists also. The marriage of literary and dramatic values seemed to be a natural phenomenon. But by and by a divorce came about, and the theatre went one way, and poetry another way. Congreve, Sheridan and Goldsmith wrote prose comedies. The blank-verse plays of the Romantics—notably, Byron and Shelley—were not at home in the theatre. Beddoes's two plays—especially his *Death's Jest-Book*—had a distinctly Elizabethan cast, but could not thrive in the nineteenth-century theatre. The Victorians—Browning, Tennyson and even Arnold after a fashion—wrote verse dramas, too, but hardly hoped to set the Thames on fire. Gilbert and Sullivan enjoyed a great vogue with their operas, but they were operas, not serious dramas. Later, poets like Stephen Phillips, Gordon Bottomley and Lascelles Abercrombie made more determined attempts to storm the theatre, but success failed to arrive. Yeats was more fortunate, but even he could not quite accomplish a revolution in taste. In India, Sri Aurobindo wrote blank-verse plays like *Perseus the Deliverer, Vasavadatta* and *Rodogune,* but these too, like Beddoes's efforts, were rather Elizabethan in cast and articulation. Tagore rendered several of his Bengali plays into English, and some of them—for example, *Chitra* and *The Post Office*—had a haunting poetic quality; not the logic of careful plotting, but the music of ideas and symbols was the "soul" of this drama. Yet, by and large, only prose drama seemed to rule the stage. Shaw, Galsworthy, Granville-Barker, Somerset Maugham, Noel Coward, J. B. Priestley, Terence Rattigan, Emlyn Williams—prose dramatists all! Even Eugene O'Neill was obliged to turn the poetry of the *Oresteia* into the prose of his *Mourning Becomes Electra.* Poetic drama: could no modern poet, however gifted, however resourceful, pluck the heart out of its mystery? Was poetic drama a dead *genre*?

What is poetic drama? What is the function of poetry in the theatre? Poets and playwrights, critics and producers, have during the last few decades turned these questions inside out, seeking a clue to the mystery. Abercrombie said in 1912 that in poetic drama "the characters themselves *are* poetry, and were poetry before they began to speak poetry." This is more or less begging the question. As tragic lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe *are* poetry, but not when Bottom and his friends try to present the tragedy before Theseus and Hippolyta. Abercrombie, however, proceeded to declare that whereas prose "concentrates its imitation on the outermost reality," poetry concentrates on "the innermost...the core"; in other words, the spiritual reality as against the ordinary surface appearance. Trafficking with the essences, poetic drama by its very nature should intoxicate sense, mind and emotion, "bringing them into a unity of triumphant and delighted self-consciousness," inducing in us, "in the deepest sense, the joy of life."

It is clear Abercrombie was not interested in the technical aspects of the problem, *e.g.*, whether blank verse or verse of some other kind should be used in modern poetic drama, whether any choice "poetic diction" had to be evolved, whether the chorus still had a place in drama, and so on. As a playwright he must have tackled these problems, no doubt; in his lecture, however, he confined himself to the stuff of poetic drama, not its technical articulation. Gordon Bottomley, speaking twenty-two years later, laid almost equal stress on content and technique. Drama—even poetic drama—is written *about* men and actions, but *with* words; and Bottomley said simply that "in poetic drama at its supreme moments words are themselves a form of action." What exactly does this mean? In a manner of speaking, of course, words are both character and action. A bundle of words has created Hamlet for us; and Hamlet's words are now action, now inaction. Bottomley, however, continued:—

> The poetic drama is, indeed, not so much a representation of a theme as a meditation upon it or a distillation from it; its business is far less the simulation of life than the evocation and isolation for our delight of the elements of beauty and spiritual illumination in the perhaps terrible and always serious theme chosen....

This is, certainly, far more to the point and purpose. Not a mere imitation or mimicry of life—surface life, that is—but rather an interpretation and criticism of life; not a lifelikeness but a picture that projects the inner soul-quality, the lines of suffering, the glow of beauty, the contours of nobility. As regards the technical problem of language, Bottomley rightly felt that

> if poetry is to regain its right of entry to the theatre it must learn again to base itself upon contemporary speech-rhythms (though not necessarily contemporary speech-usages) — upon, that is, contemporary sound, and not the look of a printed page or even a bygone usage of sound.

In other words, Bottomley saw clearly the futility of trying to write modern poetic drama in terms of Elizabethan blank verse.

Writing three years later, Harley Granville-Barker had many shrewd things to say about the rôle of poetry in drama. The poetic is not the same thing as formal poetry in verse. Prose drama could now and then rise to poetic heights, *e.g.*, Maurya's speech in Synge's *Riders to the Sea*. There are poetic moments in Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea* and *Rosmersholm*. And Maeterlinck's plays are often soaked in poetry. "It was no paradox," said Granville-Barker, "but a matter of direct significance, that when the revival of poetic drama did come, it came, seemingly, in prose." What matters is the way characters and situations are apprehended and presented. After quoting Maeterlinck's famous remark, "It is in the soul that things happen," Granville-Barker succinctly declared: "And here, at once, is the secret of dramatic poetry, and of all great drama." In this matter, he was at one with Bottomley and Abercrombie; poetic drama (all great drama) turns inward, explores man's inner or spiritual life, and gives us a vision of man in his intensest moments, thereby enlarging our understanding and filling us with the stern joy of living and striving. As regards the technical problem of articulation, Granville-Barker went further than Bottomley. Language is fourfold, *viz.*, speech, action, character (in the person of the actor), and use of the background; and the wise dramatist would deploy all these to produce the desired effect. Turning more concretely to the problem of verbal expression in poetic drama, Granville-Barker remarked:—

> We need a language, then, capable of expressing thought and emotion combined, and, at times, emotion almost divorced from thought. It is plain that a merely rational vocabulary and syntax will not suffice.

Words need a connotative richness and relevance if they are successfully to communicate emotion or convey the eddies or calm in the unseen waters of the spirit. "The theatre," Granville-Barker concluded, "if it is to survive, needs poets. And plays only defy mortality when they deal—as poetry in its essence does—with the things that are immortal."

Abercrombie and Bottomley were poets and dramatists who nevertheless failed in poetic drama. Granville-Barker was no poet. When T. S. Eliot lectured on "Poetry and Drama" in 1950, he spoke as one who had ap-

parently succeeded in giving poetic drama a new lease of life. He thus spoke as one who had, as it were, plucked the heart out of the mystery. The points he made in his lecture were neat and convincing enough: poetry in drama should justify itself dramatically; the effect of "style" should be unconscious; the dialogue should be in natural verse, and rise to poetry only when the dramatic situation demanded it; Shakespearean echoes should be studiously avoided, and blank verse had lost its flexibility for dramatic purposes; poetic drama should not enter into overt competition with prose drama. After a candid account of his own experiments, he ended with a remarkable credo:—

> I have before my eyes a kind of mirage of the perfection of verse drama, which would be a design of human action and of words, such as to present at once the two aspects of dramatic and of musical order.... To go as far in this direction as it is possible to go, without losing that contact with the ordinary everyday world with which drama must come to terms, seems to me the proper aim of dramatic poetry. For it is ultimately the function of art, in imposing a credible order upon contemporary reality, to bring us to a condition of serenity, stillness, and reconciliation; and then leave us, as Virgil left Dante, to proceed toward a region where that guide can avail us no further.

"A kind of mirage": does it mean that it is a hopeless striving? All art, no doubt, is a hopeless striving for a perfection that must for ever be unattainable. Is poetic drama under present conditions far more "a kind of mirage" than other forms of art? Only under present conditions, or was it always so? But we need not pause to answer these questions!

Eliot is obviously preoccupied with the technical problem of forging the right verse instrument for poetic drama, though he is by no means inattentive to the content. The "fable," however seemingly contemporaneous, should have its links with tradition and have a timeless quality. Eliot has accordingly tried to relate all his plays (except the first, which is about Becket's martyrdom, and hence packed with a universal significance) to one or another of the Greek tragedies, *viz.*, the *Eumenides*, the *Alcestis*, the *Ion* or *Œdipus Coloneus*. But the impression that his later plays and his lecture leave on the mind is that Eliot is almost afraid of poetry in drama; he respects poetry so much that he does not like to be a party to its possible vulgarization through association with the vulgar means of drama; and hence he is anxious to raise all sorts of barricades against such possible devaluation of poetry, and especially poetry in drama. On the other hand, no one in our time has done more to raise the prestige of the poet or to bring poetry back to the theatre.

In an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* for February 1955, Mr. Archibald MacLeish, the American poet and playwright, joined issue with Eliot on one or two points. Whereas Eliot would like drama to produce the illusion of the *actual*, MacLeish feels that poetry (and poetry in drama) could, and should, produce the illusion of the *real*:—

> The illusion of the real is the illusion, whether in the novel or on the stage, not that this is the *actual* man, true to life, but that this is the man *himself*: not that this action is an action *like* life but that this action *is* life—what life really is....The illusion of the real is indeed the principal business of poetry. It is to know our own reality as living, feeling beings that poetry is written and that poetry is read.

He had said much the same thing long ago in his "Ars Poetica":—

> A poem should not mean
> But be.

Mere introspective poetry, valid enough in its own sphere, is one thing; dramatic poetry, which calls for the power to imitate, to evoke, an action is quite another thing.

> Until it [poetry] can people the stage again with actions which are at once poetry *and* drama [MacLeish affirms], poetic drama will not exist....The poet as playwright must so manage his actions and his language as to produce the illusion that the world of his play is a world in which reality may itself appear as the God may come to the bridge in one of the ancient Nōh plays of Japan.

Eliot is apologetic about the introduction of the chorus in his first play and of the Furies in his second. But why should he be? Even a modern audience could take these and other forms of the unprosaic simply because, when properly and poetically presented, they too are *real*, quintessentially real.

Five voices have spoken on poetic drama. Differences in emphasis apart, a tone of common earnestness binds them together, and it is not difficult to orchestrate the voices and induce a harmony. The divorce of poetry from the stage has been a major loss to art, to culture, and we deplore the loss more and more, as the advance of technology has created new mass media of communication—the cinema, the radio and television—which are profoundly influencing the life-ways and thought-currents of the people. The poet should make a determined bid to speak to the people, taking full advantage of these new media. Like the great minstrels of old, the poets of today should try to reach the minds and hearts of the millions, to awaken as it were the soul of humanity by harking back to the inner-

most truth of things, stressing over and over again the timeless in the context of our own times, releasing forces that strive for greater human understanding, further aspiration, more heroic efforts and richer fulfilment. Poetry in drama could again become the most potent means of effecting in prosaic humanity a revolution in understanding, giving it new eyes, new ears, keener sensibilities, acuter perceptions; linking it up with the figures of myth and legend on the one hand and the future evolved supermen on the other. When the intensity of poetic feeling is wedded to the feeling of paramount urgency to render that feeling articulate, the right language and rhythm—right for our time and for all time—would also emerge, as is seen in the best work of Eliot and Christopher Fry. Great poetry and great poetic drama not merely take us to the threshold of the emotions and passions, but take us through them and beyond them, and the journey and the travail is both a soiling and a purification, a tribulation and an emancipation. We need poets still, and poets who are also playwrights were never more sorely needed than now, because, to conclude in Gordon Bottomley's words,

> We need to meditate apart
> From the imitation of something seen —
> To ask of deeds that once have been
> What they were destined to come to mean
> In the spirit of those who suffered and did,
> And in our spirits in which are hid
> The same dim forces, which all inherit....
>
> Poetry wills that you shall hear
> The implications of all fear,
> All terror and joy, that shall express
> In earnest grievous life no less
> Than our inmost essence of loveliness.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

RADHA—A MYSTICAL FANTASY

HERE I AM, Radha the wretched, crying in solitude, unable to bear the anguish of my soul. Come unto me, O Krishna, the Beloved of my heart. I desire naught but Thee on earth or in heaven. For Thee have I left home and kith and kin and even lost my good name. With the fire in my heart I have chased Thee all these years in vain. Dost Thou too, O my Beloved, hate me, as these men are who take Thy name?

Thou knowest that I have pursued Thee through many a shrine and temple, through many a pilgrim centre and sacred hill, through assemblies of learned scholars and *maths* of orange-robed *sanyasins*, through many a hall resounding with sacred song and *bhajan* and through long interminable processions of gods and saints borne on the shoulders of men with drums beating and devotees dancing in ecstasy. But, alas! nowhere could I catch more than a faint glimpse of Thy elusive form. And day after day I have turned back — and wept. Dost Thou not abide in these?

Some call me foolish, others say I am wicked. Some even think I am quite mad. Let them say what they please. Thou knowest my heart. And there is ever a voice within which tells me that I am right. But right or wrong, I have no choice. Thou art the Highest known to me, and I follow Thee. I know nothing higher than Krishna. Does not the poet say, *Kṛshnāt param kimapi tattvamaham na jāne*? Krishna is *my* Highest too. He is the highest I know in beauty and love, the highest in goodness and truth. My love for Him is, therefore, absolute. It knows not law or limit. It is above every law known to man.

I am footsore and tired. But the fire still rages in my heart. Oh, where shall I turn? Where shall I find Thee, O Beloved of my heart? I have done with the world. And painful to me is the company of men and women. But I cannot give up my quest of Thee. Thou knowest that I have given myself up to Thee, my Lord and Master. Come unto me, O Beloved, or I die.

Far from the haunts of men I have come to this wild forest today. The night is dark. But I am not afraid. The fire in my heart will scare away every prowling beast and each creeping thing. I will now lean on the bare trunk of this tree and wait for my Beloved. Here is my tryst, my place of assignation. If he does not come let me drop down here and die. I will not step an inch from this spot — But oh! What light is this behind my back? What touch is this of a flower on my cheek? It is He! It is He! I know it is He. I will not turn round and see, lest He should vanish again. O my heart, rise up and receive Him. Thou knowest He is my Friend, my Lover, my Bridegroom, my Husband, my own Self. Lord of my body, mind and spirit, take me to Thy bosom, possess me wholly, make me Thine own. I am Thine own. I have ever been Thine own.

Now my end has come. I am Radha no longer. I am Krishna Himself.

D. S. SARMA

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"TALKS ON THE GITA"*

VINOBA BHAVE is today acclaimed in India as a spiritual leader akin to Gandhi and his success in securing voluntary contributions of land for redistribution amongst the poor and needy has brought hope to those who seek a creative solution of the conflict between capitalism and communism. But the talks contained in this volume were given nearly thirty years ago by a little-known devotee of *Satyagraha* to his fellow prisoners in Dhulia Jail, Bombay. Out of the teaching so persuasively presented here and so faithfully practised has grown the inspired social revolutionary of recent years. Vinoba is, indeed, the *Gita* in action. "The *Gita* is my life's breath," he declared in 1932, and, like Gandhi, he called it his "Mother." Yet, unlike Gandhi, he is an erudite Sanskrit scholar and student of philosophy who has succeeded in reconciling his passionate interest in the science of the spiritual life with his love of his fellow creatures and his concern for their social as well as their spiritual well-being. In these talks we see how deeply human his spiritual insight has always been. The *Gita* has had countless interpreters and too often, perhaps, has withered in the contentious hands of scholastic *pundits*. Here it retains all its pristine freshness and universal relevance. Vinoba strongly rejects the view that the spiritual life is meant only for ascetics. For him the *Gita* is "a scripture intended for ordinary men, living their daily lives in the world." It is for the whole world. It

> teaches us how, by keeping our lives pure, we can attain equilibrium and peace of mind. . . . [It] comes to your help wherever you are doing something. But it is not content with leaving you just there; it takes you by the hand and leads you right to the goal.

The goal is *yoga* or union with the divine principle, through which is found liberation from the illusory ego and its enslaving ignorance and attachment. *Yoga* is not only the goal but the means, and, as the means, it has three aspects or modalities, named *karma-yoga, bhakti-yoga* and *jnana-yoga,* work, love, knowledge, a trinity in unity. It is with these three means to union, and what each implies in theory and in practice, that Vinoba is concerned throughout these talks.

In his interpretation of *karma-yoga,* as presented in the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Chapters of the *Gita,* he gives an unusual meaning to the word *vikarma.* This word occurs in the 17th verse of the Fourth Chapter, in which Krishna declares that his devotee needs to understand the nature of action, *karma,* of wrong action, *vikarma,* and of inaction, *akarma.* Vinoba surprisingly translates *vikarma* as meaning "the action performed for educating the mind." *Karma,* he says, means the doing of our own particular work; *vikarma* is the inward action performed to support the outward action.

> When *karma* and *vikarma* become one, the mind and heart are purified and cleansed, the cravings we have acquired weaken, passions are stilled, feelings of difference vanish and then the state of *akarma* is reached.

That such subtle inward action is necessary for the purification of the gross outer action, the *Gita* certainly teaches. But Vinoba, so far as I know,

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* *Talks on the Gita.* By ACHARYA VINOBA BHAVE. Introduction by JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 268 pp. 1960. 16*s*.)

is the first to attach this meaning to the word *vikarma,* and he does so repeatedly. Indeed *vikarma* and *sadhana* mean for him the same thing and he includes in it devotion, meditation, analysis, and discrimination between the Self and non-self, all of which he describes as methods of *vikarma* and each of which he carefully studies. His approach to the whole problem of liberation, as presented in the *Gita,* is refreshingly free from scholastic controversy. For him, for example, there is no rivalry between doing and knowing, acting and not-acting. Each is necessary to the other, though they blend differently in different people. The state of inaction, *akarma,* which is essential to liberation, is, he says, of two kinds.

> In one, you feel, though you work day and night, that you are not working at all; in the other, though you work not at all, you work unceasingly.... Though the names of *karma-yoga* and *sannyasa* are different, the truth at the heart of both is the same.

In short, true action is rooted in renunciation, and true renunciation is not only a supreme act, but releases the creative power within us.

Amongst the errors to be renounced is the identification of the *jiva,* the soul, with the body. For it is by ceasing to attach ourselves to the body that we discover our identity with the Supreme Self. Yet when Vinoba describes the body as a mere "machine," he does less than justice to its organic mystery, and when he declares that "we should train ourselves to belittle the body and exalt the spirit," he is lapsing momentarily into the dualism which the whole teaching of the *Gita* and his own interpretation of it are meant to resolve. To give over the whole of life to the spirit is not to belittle any part of it. Whether it be gross or subtle, all that exists belongs to the spirit and can become wholly expressive of it. In Vinoba's own words, "Every part of life should be filled to overflowing with *karma, bhakti* and *jnana.* This is called *purushottama-yoga.*" This is the *yoga* which he freely and wisely expounds, chapter by chapter, in these talks, often with happy and homely illustrations from life or legend, and always with a warm sense of human values, of human needs and difficulties, social and personal, and of service as the key to salvation.

> The Lord to serve, I the servant and Creation the means. Where is the talk of possession now? Life has no care any more.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

The Religious Foundations of Internationalism: A Study in International Relations Through the Ages. By NORMAN BENTWICH. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 303 pp. Second edition. 1959. 21*s.*)

The author held the Weizmann Chair of the International Law of Peace in the Hebrew University in Jerusalem from its inauguration in 1932 until his retirement. To a course of lectures first written in 1932 Professor Bentwich has now added an Epilogue covering the intervening years, and it speaks for the nobility of his concept as well as for the soundness of his attitude and exposition that the contents of this challenging book are as fresh and relevant to the survival of mankind today as they were twenty-five years ago.

National and international life must be based on law and justice which must spring from a morality informed by religious belief and practice. The author supports his thesis with examples taken from world history in a survey spanning over three thousand years of the principal religions of the globe. That he writes as a Jew determines his vision and his objective; it also enables him to survey the teaching of Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucian-

ism and Shintoism on Peace and War as they affect the individual and the society, with sympathy and understanding. From his religious standpoint, he examines the effect of nationalism, on the issues of peace and war among nations and in the nascent international community. He is rightly critical of modern materialism and insists on the religious foundation of national and, above all, international morality. The teachings of the Hebrew prophets on the unity of mankind and the necessity of social justice for peace among men of all creeds and colours form the starting point for his fascinating survey which serves to show and to stress the need for mutual tolerance and co-operation between nations of different faiths and of no religion in a common effort to establish peace and justice on earth. The author evaluates the attempts at unification from antiquity to our own day with its League of Nations and the United Nations Organization and its various agencies, and assesses the effect of recent wars and the growth and challenge of communism to the historical faiths of mankind.

The historical treatment enables the author to highlight the importance of freedom of conscience and belief (or no belief) for the success of true internationalism, which alone can eliminate war as a means of national policy. It also serves to illustrate the need for a common morality to regulate national and international behaviour and supports the author's plea for full implementation of the Bill of Human Rights as the charter of mankind. The Epilogue is relevant to our contemporary situation in the context of human rights and the dignity of the human individual. It is at the same time a contribution to the problem of religion and nationalism.

This is a thoughtful and thought-provoking book. We hope it will be widely read and will stimulate its readers into individual action on behalf of one mankind living in peace and justice.

E. I. J. Rosenthal

Ethics since 1900. By Mary Warnock. (Oxford University Press, London. 207 pp. 1960. 8*s*. 6*d*.)

It is a sad fact, the modern dominance of the herd instinct among intellectuals, especially in English universities. Philosophy, as Father Coplestone has put it, has become the charwoman of science. Teachers of philosophy have concentrated on the outside, turning their backs on the inside of life. Mrs. Warnock is a pleasant person pursuing academic success whilst aware that there is a big world outside, but she is on the inside of the border of this academic trifling.

People vaunt their faith in conferences, negotiation, and the like, yet ignore the basic fact that contracts are valid only by virtue of the moral obligation to keep them. All morality depends ultimately on the moral experience. Scepticize this and the ultimate result is the collapse of civilized life. This truth is ineluctable. There is at the base of our life this experience of goodness which is absolute, although people at various stages of development have correspondingly various apprehensions of it. This is ignored in *Ethics since 1900*.

Moore comes in for scant appreciation: "The name Naturalist Fallacy, it is true, we have all learned from Moore; but I should be inclined to say that we had learned little else." Mrs. Warnock does not see anything funny in writing, "At first there seemed to be a kind of triumph in the discovery that language could do anything at all except be used to convey information." She says that everyone agrees that happiness is the thing to be aimed at: this in a book on ethics! Discussing two recent writers

on ethics, she writes, "Hare's book *seems* to have more relevance to ethics than Urmson's article, because Hare himself incidentally lets fall some views about morals, which Urmson does not."

R. F. RATTRAY

Nietzsche: Unpublished Letters. Translated and edited by KURT F. LEIDECKER. (Philosophical Library, New York. 156 pp. 1959)

Friedrich Nietzsche is one of the most controversial figures of modern times. His influence has not been all for the good. It must be now freely conceded that much of the evil is born of misunderstanding. His name has been associated with German nationalism, militarism and racialism. His vision of the superman and his idea of the will to power may easily lend themselves to an unjust overemphasis and misinterpretation. Nietzsche is above all a philosopher of culture. His violent reaction against some aspects of Christian ethics is to be understood in the context of his penetrating analysis of culture. His diagnosis of the cultural ailments of the West and his deep insight into the psychological roots of human evaluation and moral assessment is superb. Hence any publication which gives new glimpses of the tender moments of his life and forces us to see his personality in a new perspective is most welcome.

It was as lately as 1937 that some scholars made the sensational discovery that his letters and unpublished material had been tampered with by his sister. With the publication of this material a new and more favourable picture of Nietzsche has emerged. We are grateful to Dr. Kurt F. Leidecker for making accessible unpublished letters to the English-speaking world. His introduction is sympathetic and informative. To translate Nietzsche is no easy task. Every word carries the imprint of his volcanic genius. But Dr. Leidecker has taken great pains to prepare a faithful English version and no serious student of Nietzsche can ignore it.

S. VAHIDUDDIN

The Unity of Body and Mind. By LOTHAR BICKEL. Edited and translated by W. BERNARD. (Philosophical Library, New York. 167 pp. 1959. $3.75)

This is a translation of *Innen und Aussen* by Lothar Bickel, who was a medical man but retained a passion for philosophy and was in this influenced by the thought of Spinoza and Constantin Brunner. It offers a solution of the intractable problem of the mind-body relationship with its philosophical as well as psychological implications. The view offered is that "body and mind are one and the same thing, the mind being the inner consciousness of the one life process, the 'Within' to the 'Without,' the body's inner nature and consciousness of itself." All things and their qualitative differences are reducible to quantitative differences of velocity of the one Motion which is basic to all existence and all change. Nothing but motion is to be found in us. *We* are physical-chemical, vegetative-animal, I-conscious and instinctual-unconscious, and social historical events.

Though I very much admire this view, I feel that it fails to explain how anything can be "inward" — inward to what? Similarly what about the changes wrought by death? I suppose the author does not believe in an after-life. And lastly, what spiritual values can we attach to Universal Motion, what worship can it arouse? After all, it was not without reason that Spinoza was termed an atheist. The author would have done well to anticipate these queries and make his mind known about them.

A. K. JIANDANI

Mudrā: A Study of Symbolic Gestures in Japanese Buddhist Sculpture. By E. Dale Saunders. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London. xxiii+296 pp. Pictorial Index. xxvi Plates. 110 Text Figures. 4 Diagrams. 1960. 52*s.* 6*d.*)

Those acquainted with the Jatakas will recall that once Sakyamuni in one of his many incarnations, long before his final birth as Gautama Siddhartha, wished to communicate with a woman whom he considered taking for wife. Not knowing, however, whether she was married or not, he resolved to ask her by a gesture of his hand. For, he said to himself, if she is educated she will understand and answer me. So he raised his closed fist, and the woman responded by showing him her empty hand. This incident from the Jatakas is by no means the earliest instance of the use of the language of gesture in India: the Bodhisattva in the present case was practising a long-established and well-known usage.

It is therefore natural for the uninitiated in the West to assume that when the Buddha came to be sculptured in human form, first in Gandhara and then in Mathura, he was attributed symbolically meaningful gestures. But that was not the case. The *mudra* of the earliest Buddhist statues of Gandhara bore no precise iconographical meaning, as these were executed by men inspired by the anthropomorphic ideals of the Greeks and Romans; the image-makers had the Hellenistic Apollo the Orator in mind. However, in the course of time the traditional Indian symbols came to play a very important rôle in Buddhist iconography — not only in Gandhara but wherever Buddha's message spread.

The author has discussed succinctly and lucidly the history and symbolism of various *mudras* and has given a pictorial index to help the general reader in identifying the gestures. His survey is most admirable, and though his thesis deals with Japanese sculpture only, it will be found helpful for understanding Buddhist statues elsewhere and for appreciating choreographic gestures in many of the Asian countries. In the long run the iconographic *mudras* and the choreographic gestures are, if not the same, closely related. The Bollingen Foundation is to be congratulated for sponsoring this book: it is eminently readable and beautifully produced. It is, however, to be regretted that the high price will prevent its diffusion among those in Asia who are most likely to appreciate this scholarly work by a member of the teaching staff of the University of Pennsylvania.

Sudhin Ghose

With My Own Eyes: A Life of Jesus. By Bo Giertz (Bishop of Gothenburg). Translated from the Swedish by Maurice Michael. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 237 pp. 1960. 18*s.*)

This book is a Life of Jesus set out as a novel. It is vividly written and the background is realistically presented. Regrettably, the terse account of the sufferings of Jesus given in the Gospels as of him "whom ye slew and hanged on a tree" (*Acts,* V: 30) is expanded into horrible details, pitiless and pointless. Not the sad story of the Cross (or Tree) but the glad story of the Empty Tomb should be the basis of a Faith to appeal to modern seekers. While some of the orthodox may relish these details, the more kindly disposed must be repulsed by cruelty piled on cruelty. And enemies of the Faith will find good "cause to blaspheme." Modern scholarship is not always respected: the Aramaic exclamation "why hast thou forsaken me" is more accurately "how hast thou fulfilled thyself in me." Jesus

and his Essene disciples (away from their families rather than with them, as in the orthodox Jewish Passover celebration) would not partake of the paschal lamb but of the simple vegetarian meal described by Philo and Josephus.

But the novel, as such, stands well, and the merit of it from a literary point of view cannot be doubted.

E. V. HAYES

William Hazlitt. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. (Published for The British Council and the National Book League by Longmans, Green and Company, London. 38 pp. Frontispiece. 1960. 2*s*. 6*d*.)

Although his style was occasionally stilted, Hazlitt was a master of English prose; and Mr. Priestley wishes that young writers of today with clumsy styles would study him more. He feels justly that Hazlitt was more essayist than critic and that most of his pieces were "scattered parts of some gigantic unplanned autobiography." Hazlitt was an egotist. He was fascinated by his own mental processes and glimpsed perhaps subconsciously many facets of himself in other people. He was a friend of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Lamb, and in his essay entitled "My First Acquaintance With Poets" he gave a moving account of his first meeting with Coleridge, whose conversation stimulated him immensely.

Mr. Priestley believes that Hazlitt owed his subsequent facility of composition to the period "when he was a painter who despaired of his painting, a metaphysician who could not find the right words for his ideas."

Hazlitt made two unfortunate marriages and became hopelessly infatuated with Sarah Walker, his landlady's daughter — "a sly minx" Mr. Priestley calls her. He suffered poverty, ill-health and calumny. He quarrelled with his friends. Yet, despite his many tribulations, he experienced those golden moments of happiness vouchsafed to the few. Perhaps that was why he was able to say as he lay dying, "Well, I have had a happy life."

Mr. Priestley addresses himself chiefly to the young in this interesting and appreciative appraisal of a great essayist.

HERBERT BLUEN

Oriental Essays: Portraits of Seven Scholars. By A. J. ARBERRY. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 261 pp. 1960. 28*s*.)

The story begins in the 17th century, when chairs of Arabic were set up in Cambridge and Oxford. Simon Ockley was the first to seek to build a bridge between East and West. Sir William Jones was the second, studying the literature of the East in India and hoping thereby to bring fresh life to the literature of the West. The third was Edward William Lane, the lexicographer and author of *The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, based on a long residence in Egypt. Lane was deeply religious and never began his day's work without the Arab dedication "In the Name of God." The fourth portrait is of Edward Henry Palmer, who studied Arabic, Persian and Urdu in Cambridge and was murdered in Sinai, while on Government business in 1882.

The fifth is Edward Granville Browne, who went to Persia and steeped himself in the life and thought of the Persians. He became professor of Arabic in Cambridge in 1902. His greatest contribution to Persian studies was his four-volume *Literary History of Persia*, containing many beautiful translations of Persian poems, and of him it was written, "if he ranks among the greatest Orientalists it is because he was . . . the

greatest humanist who has ever devoted himself to studying the life, thought, and literature of the East."

The last of the scholars of the past is Reynold Alleyne Nicholson, a Cambridge scholar who made Sufism the centre of his studies. He wrote some exquisite translations of Persian and Arabic poems, and also edited Arabic and Persian texts, including the great *Mathnavī* of Jalālu'ddīn Rūmī. Nicholson gave of his time and knowledge most generously to others, including myself. I could always be sure of his wise counsel on my own work, given personally or by correspondence, and I enjoyed the hospitality of his wife and himself on many happy Sunday afternoons at Cambridge. The author writes of him that he was himself conscious "of the reality of mystical experience . . . it was obvious from all his actions and writings that he walked with God."

The last portrait is of the author himself, "The Disciple," which tells of early difficulties courageously and triumphantly overcome. After a brilliant scholastic career at Cambridge and work in Egypt, at the India Office and in London, he achieved the goal of his ambition as Professor of Arabic at Cambridge. He has followed his predecessors in this book by giving himself unstintingly to the work of making Oriental literature known to the West and in addition to substantial work on catalogues and editions — and not least in throwing new light on Omar Khayyām — he has given us some lovely translations of Persian and Arabic poems.

This book has been written for the general public and should be greatly enjoyed by all who read it, and among those will be some Orientalists as well.

MARGARET SMITH

Evening Talks with Sri Aurobindo. First Series. Recorded by A. B. PURANI. (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 325 pp. 1959. Rs. 8.00)

Sri Aurobindo the author of the philosophical treatise *The Life Divine* and the epic *Savitri* and numerous other works in prose and verse is an austere figure, a profound thinker, a great poet and, above all, a saint and a Yogi. But during his years of retirement at Pondicherry, to the many intimate *sadhaks* of his Ashram, Sri Aurobindo was the friend, the companion, the dear Master. Between 1923 and 1926, and again between 1938 and 1950, these friends had opportunities of meeting him in the evenings and holding discourse on matters serious and not so serious. Shri Purani has here brought together some of these talks as he had recorded them from time to time. Like the "Letters" of Sri Aurobindo, his talks too have an easy naturalness, the tone of friendliness, the sparkle of conversation, the radiance of humour. The range of the talks is indicated by the subjects under which they are grouped in this volume: "On Books and Letters," "On Medicine," "On Art," "On Poetry," and "On Beauty." The two opening chapters describe the circumstances under which Shri Purani happened to find himself one of the charmed circle at Pondicherry, and how the "Evening Talks" came to be started, given up on Sri Aurobindo's complete retirement in 1926, and resumed again twelve years later. Although Shri Purani does not vouch for the utter accuracy of the words he has put into the Master's mouth, there is no doubt that the recordings are substantially faithful.

In these pages there is rich and varied fare — wisdom's steady glow, knowledge's plenty, learning's long reaches of understanding, wit's incisiveness, humour's leaping lights. On one occasion we find Sri Aurobindo expounding the meaning of the Gayatri *mantra*:—

It means: "We choose the Supreme Light of the divine Sun; we aspire that it may impel our minds."

The Sun is the symbol of the divine Light that is coming down and Gayatri gives expression to the aspiration asking that divine Light to come down and give impulsion to all the activities of the mind....

This was in 1925: how much the Gayatri meant to Sri Aurobindo can now be gauged by reading his immense poem, *Savitri,* which is in a sense an epic amplification of the name and nature and hidden power of the hoariest and holiest of Vedic mantras.

But, of course, in a book like this, any page throws up unexpected pearls, some large, some small, but pearls, pearls, all of them. Sri Aurobindo can laugh, he can crack a joke, he can give a neat repartee; again, he is always just, always wise, always to the point. Shaw's *St. Joan,* Bridges's poetry, the *Vishnu Purana,* Coueism, Spengler, Ouspensky, Tagore's *Urvashi,* Morris's *Earthly Paradise,* Toru Dutt's poems, Kalidasa, the historicity of Krishna, Surrealists, Communism, Nazism, are among the hundreds of topics that flit through these pages, receiving in the process Sri Aurobindo's engaging attention. When a disciple refers to a doctor who says that he can conquer death by taking a certain medicine, Sri Aurobindo says: "With apologies to our friend, the doctor, I must say that it is more likely to kill you sooner." When somebody asks Sri Aurobindo if he knows Hebrew (as stated in a biography), he gently retorts: "Why not say I know Amharic and other African languages?" But one must stop quoting. There is much here that is interesting, for one or another reason; much that is wise and inspiring; no dull page at all. The book is to be warmly welcomed because it reveals a little known, but very lovable, facet of the Master. We shall look forward to the publication of the Second Series.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Francisco Romero on Problems of Philosophy. By MARJORIE S. HARRIS. (Philosophical Library, New York. vii+115 pp. 1960. $3.75)

This book is an able exposition of the views of a leading thinker of South America — Francisco Romero. Romero does not believe in system-making, but prefers to explore the problems of philosophy. He analyzes the nature of man and finds that the minimal man is an intentional being. There are four planes of being — physicality, life, intentional psyche and spirit; each of the first three supports and fosters the plane which succeeds it.

Romero is remarkable for his clear statement of the view that man is both spirit and a natural being. There are thus two components to his being — a psycho-physical component with intentionality as the organizing principle and a human component in whom spirit is the organizing principle. The former aspect makes him an "individual" and the latter makes him a "person." The characteristics of spirit are objectivity, universality, freedom and absolute transcendence. Persons motivated by spirit work for spiritual values. "The cosmic drama consists in the very laborious adjustment of two orders — the temporal and the atemporal." Culture is constituted by the products of man's activity and the goal of all culture is to establish the sovereignty of spirit. The function of philosophy is a rethinking of culture:—

...the human spirit which in great part has created culture, spontaneously and even unconsciously, turns above it to comprehend it and judge it, to discover its source, to make clear its ends and to estimate its meaning.

Marjorie Harris has produced an eminently readable and stimulating book.

D. GURUMURTI

THE KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL BULLETIN
NUMBER X

NUMBER X of the *Keats-Shelley Memorial Bulletin* commemorates the centenary of Leigh Hunt's death on August 28th, 1859, at the age of seventy-five. A contemporary and friend of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Hazlitt, Lamb and Moore, he outlived them all. As editor of *The Examiner*, he attacked the Prince Regent, describing him as "a fat Adonis of fifty," and this, and other, "misdemeanours" landed him in jail for two years. But he turned even prison life into a holiday, continued to edit *The Examiner*, read and wrote much, played the piano and grew a garden in his prison yard. On his release he threw himself into literary work of all kinds, excelling especially in light, bright prose. His critical essays show both his wide reading and admirable catholicity of temper. His prose has neither Lamb's magic nor Hazlitt's gusto, but it has an easy naturalness of its own, and has the engaging fluency of the best journalism. The present volume includes appraisals of both the man and the writer, and helps us to see him in relation to some of his greater contemporaries, notably Byron and Shelley. Louis Landré, while not ignoring Hunt's weaknesses of character, also lays stress on his courage, his liberalism, his kindliness and open-heartedness, and his uncanny flair for sensing genius and beauty in others. Carl Woodring writes an absorbing note on the "Hunt Trials" which excited violent passions and brought Lord Brougham himself into the fray as defence counsel; but we are finally informed that, perhaps, "the innermost secrets will never be known." Doris Langley Moore, writing on "New Light on Certain Old Scandals," has tried to show that Byron was no villain and Shelley no saint, but "each was the greatest man the other ever knew"; in any case, Hunt himself played a rather ignoble part after Shelley's death and again after Byron's. For the rest, J. C. Trewin thinks that Hunt, with all his limitations, was "the first true dramatic critic," while Clarence DeWitt Thorpe, who discusses Hunt's long poem "The Nymphs," considers it "one of the most fortunate attempts in English poetry to catch and restore for a time something of the spirit and charm of the old mythology." There are also three reproductions of portraits of Hunt, made by Samuel Laurence, Thomas Wageman and J. Hayter. The editor, Dorothy Hewlett, has accomplished a delicate and difficult task with tact and understanding.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

A LETTER FROM LONDON

September 28th, 1960

When Mr. Khrushchev expressed his intention of attending the session of the United Nations, commentators in the Western Press declared that he would have to sit in solitary glory, as none of the heads of the Western Governments would attend. Although President Eisenhower kept aloof from the Soviet leader, and General de Gaulle remained in Paris, the presence of the British Prime Minister and the rally of the heads of the Communist States and Neutralist States set Mr. Khrushchev in an appropriate galaxy.

Whether the Soviet leader aspired to stage a summit meeting in the United Nations or outside, he has certainly achieved nothing of the kind. Indeed, his appearance at the United Nations has been an empty and hollow demonstration.

The situation is brilliantly described by James Morris in *The Guardian*. Cabling from New York on Sunday, September 25th, he says:—

> These are hard times for the hopeful pragmatists. We came to Manhattan last week all innocent optimism, looking for the best in everyone: magnanimity from the Americans, a fresh start from the Russians, gay good sense from the new Africans, tolerant hospitality from old New York, that city of a hundred tongues.
>
> We hoped to see great men peace-making, to respond to the call of noble oratory, to feel ourselves in the warm creative womb of history. And what have we found instead? Only a parade of second-bests, a clash of mediocrities, foolish men strutting and squabbling, arid old quarrels pettily maintained, a city rancid with bigotry, a half-hearted spokesman for the Western world, a boor gesticulating for the East.

If there has been any benefit from the journey of Mr. Khrushchev to New York, it must be sought in the mere assemblage of so many heads of states, unburdened by the necessity of dealing with a particular problem in which their own interests were directly in conflict. The presence of Pandit Nehru stands out as a notable fact. Only Mr. Khrushchev could have served as a magnet to draw him away from his onerous duties in New Delhi to New York, and there can be no question that he has had very valuable exchanges of views with some of the important heads of governments.

If Mr. Khrushchev sought to fill in the emptiness of his appearance at the United Nations by his proposal for a three-man commission to replace the Secretary-General, he has only aggravated his failure. The purpose is to make the office of the Secretary-General representative of (1) the Western Powers, (2) the Communist Powers and (3) the Neutralist States. However the Secretary-Generalship is not a representative institution but an executive office. The Secretary-General is bound to act within the instructions given to him by the Security Council or the General Assembly. If he fails to carry out his instructions, he is liable to censure or dismissal by those bodies.

The Russian proposal has had a very depressing effect upon people in Britain who were firmly of the opinion that an accommodation between the Soviet Union and the Western Powers is practicable. Indeed, the threat of Mr. Khrushchev to resume the Cold War, if his proposal regarding the Secretary-Generalship is rejected, has badly shaken his position in the eyes of people who have hitherto had considerable sympathy for him.

Those are not, however, the only reactions. There is also to be discerned, among close students of the international situation, a strain of anxiety that the relations between the Western Powers and the Soviet Union are pregnant with more dangerous possibilities

than had hitherto been foreseen, and that Western statesmanship is quite unequal to the creation of a genuine understanding with Mr. Khrushchev. Everyone, of course, realizes that the task is one of extreme difficulty, because of the absence of genuine good-will in the Russian attitude.

I have already heard some criticisms of Pandit Nehru's policy of Neutralism in the light of what has been happening in New York. It is attacked as a purely negative policy. What is required, it is suggested, is a positive policy for peace. Although the Indian Prime Minister has, in fact, described his policy as such, it is not so recognized in the West.

The complexities of the political situation in the Congo have not destroyed the interest of the British public. Perhaps no minor international problem has aroused and maintained for so long a time such wide-spread interest in this country. This is probably due in some measure to the fact that the problem is in the hands of the United Nations.

The difficulties which have arisen in the Congo since the attainment of independence are similar to those India faced in 1947. The partition of British India led to a tragedy which was beyond all comparison with the violence and bloodshed in the Congo. The situation in the Congo today is analogous with the situation in British India before the Congress agreed to partition. There is no reason yet to despair of the establishment of a single state — whether federal in form or not — in the Congo.

SUNDER KABADI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** writes this month of two interesting figures that truly belong to Paris — a writer of light, delicious plays, M. André Roussin, and a serious abstract artist, M. George Mathieu.—ED.]

I FIND André Roussin's plays lighthearted and delicious. There is nothing bitter or mordant about them. Perhaps that is why *La Petite Hutte* (The Little Hut) broke all local records for a consecutive engagement: it ran for six years. And now Roussin has produced *Les Glorieuses* in verse. To this he has added a curtain-raiser, *Une femme qui dit la Verité* (A Woman who Speaks the Truth).

The main play — so Roussin announces — was written in rhyme to please himself and in the hope that a boulevard comedy in verse would prove as welcome as a boulevard comedy in epigrams.

The verse is gay, audacious and filled with surprising and amusing turns of words and phrases with the spectators anxiously waiting to find out how the dramatist will terminate each alexandrine. Others before him have tried similar experiments, but Roussin spoofs the classic style, giving it a modern setting and a regulation boulevard plot — just as Shaw spoofed the Elizabethan dramatists in *The Admirable Bashville*.

The hero of the play is Carruche, a successful manufacturer of triangular comedies and he and his friends speak their daily lines in verse. His wife, who is wearied of this stick-in-the-mud husband, leaves him for a lover who might be a character out of Proust.

When the wife deserts the home the dramatist is comforted by his mother and his little son. He sits down to write — having removed his jacket and rolled up his sleeve — and begins writing a

comedy satirizing his wife's absurd flight.

The play, as one can believe, is a success; but his wife's love affair is not so comic. She returns to find her husband has fallen in love with a young actress. When the young actress visits the playwright with her young fiancé the author realizes he is too old for her, and, with mellow humour, resigns himself to accepting the apologies of his restored mate.

George Mathieu's paintings are now on view at the Galerie Internationale. Most people believe he is France's best abstract painter. Mathieu has always given his paintings bizarre historical titles, usually allusions to battles or little-known eighth-century bishops. This sort of light-heartedness one has come to expect from the Paris *avant-garde*, but it appears that the historical titles in this exhibition have a real bearing on the subject, or rather the spirit, of the works themselves.

Some of Europe's greatest paintings have depicted historical scenes. The successful painters were Rubens, Velasquez, El Greco, Uccello. In them we feel the absorbing contrast between the moment of history and eternity, between the individual and the mass of humanity.

Mathieu is a public painter. His work commemorates historical events, and he frequently paints in public, preferably in some historic site and surrounded by reporters and television cameras. The presence of the public, he says, stimulates him. For in a crowd he cannot afford to ruin a canvas. When there is an audience he rises to the occasion. He believes in a kind of æsthetic aristocracy. His favourite form of government — so he told a magazine editor — would be absolute, and he stressed the word "absolute," monarchy.

BALDOON DHINGRA

Rather that heart which burns in thee,
Ask, not to amuse, but to set free;
Be passionate hopes not ill resign'd
For quite, and a fearless mind.
And though fate grudge to thee and me
The poet's rapt security,
Yet they, believe me, who await
No gifts from chance, have conquer'd fate

—MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

[THIS fine paper on an important subject was prepared specially by **Professor Robert Rein'l** for the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, and discussed at a meeting on January 28th, 1958. We publish here the first part.—ED.]

THE VALUE OF WORDS AND TERMS

I

THERE ARE positive and negative ways to consider the relation of values to terms. (1) If cognition has value, so have the terms that make it possible. But (2) the realization of cognitive value would have obstacles, one being the confusion of valuation with significance: for example, we find an idea satisfying and we think therefore that it is well formed. This would be a danger to the realization of cognition only if there were such a thing as danger, and there would be a danger only if there were a threatened value. We shall take up first the question of the value of cognition and then consider the appearances of value that stand in the way of cognition.

A *word* is a symbol taken apart from its significance, as when one says "the mere word": it is the common form of many sounds or shapes. A *term* is a word having a certain significance. The same word may have different meanings, and thus be different terms, and the same meaning may be expressed by different words. If terms are of value, it is mainly because they convey meanings that are of value. If a term has intrinsic as opposed to instrumental value, then the instrument, as instrument, is valued for itself and not for what it provides. Mere words, on the other hand, may have intrinsic value and sometimes through this a value instrumental to cognition. Their musical properties, which can be appreciated for their own sake, may also facilitate a grasp of meaning, just as marching in step lightens the soldier's burden. But æsthetic value contributes to meaning only when it is appropriate, when, as for Longinus, it is the very light of our thoughts.

There are two fundamentally different kinds of symbolism. In one, the symbol is a device for bringing to mind something of a much more complex character than that of the symbol itself. The character of the word "dog" is relatively simple, the character of the animal relatively complex. It is true of most terms that they have a vast significance whose boundary is not precisely determined. The other type of symbol has the reverse function; it is one of many things that point back to something relatively simple. It is this type that Plato had in mind when he said that the many beautiful things remind us of the one beauty. The same relationship holds between the tokens of a word — the indefinitely numerous sounds and shapes that express it — and the unity we have in mind when we say that the word is one.

A discussion of types of value requires a general conception of value. If one wishes to arrive at this, one cannot do so by ascending to a property that all the conceptions share, for according to some theorists value is simple and indefinable.[1] Yet there is something external to the conception that is

[1] See in particular G. E. MOORE, *Principia Ethica* (Cambridge University Press, New York, 1948).

invariably associated with it. This is valuation. Some important differences in value theory can be expressed in terms of valuation. Value will be defined indirectly, or operationally, in terms of valuation; valuation will be defined in terms of choice.

That A is superior to B means that anyone who understands or is acquainted with both A and B, selects A, or at least desires or considers himself obligated to select A.[2] Thus we state the most general conditions required for the conception of choice between alternatives. No particular quality is ascribed to A nor is it assumed that the choice of A leads to any sort of personal satisfaction.

In terms of these conditions we may draw a distinction between two fundamentally different conceptions of value. Either (1) the cognition of A by itself determines the choice — to know it is to value it — or (2) the cognition of A determines the choice only because A stands in a certain relation, for example to pleasure or conscience. The first conception would usually be called *non-naturalistic*, the second *naturalistic*. According to the first, we may take choice as independent of an external cause;[3] according to the second, choice may be conceived as a result of conditioning. The non-naturalistic view has something in common with the traditional concept of *final cause*, since it does not consider any event prior to the cognition of A as the cause of its preference; neither is the preference considered to be a matter of chance, for it is taken to be implied by the cognition. The non-naturalistic view is subject to two interpretations. It is either *formalistic* or *utilitarian*. According to the formalistic interpretation, value cannot be produced but only expressed. The act, if you like, is an imitation of recognized value. In Kant, for example, what a man ought to do is to express the good will, the only thing intrinsically good. The will ideally possible for him is the proper object of respect.[4] Thus neither the action itself, considered as something that is accomplished within nature, nor its consequences are of supreme importance, but only what the act expresses. The utilitarian interpretation on the other hand looks to the production of good. The naturalistic position (2), however, where it is some relation in which A stands that determines the choice, so that value does not lie in the object itself — but only in the object as desired, or as object of interest — is a position that seems to be consistent only with a utilitarian interpretation.[5] Thus the concept of choice varies among the interpretations. One may give it a meaning that is compatible with causal determinism, or one may conceive it in terms of a cognition that is taken neither as causally related to external conditions nor as a chance occurrence. The latter has much in common with Kant's idea of freedom, which fits neither the concept of determinism nor of indeterminism.

So far we have suggested certain

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[2] We do not take up the troublesome question of how acquaintance is to be determined, but the suggested technique for determining value scale is similar to J. S. Mill's for determining the quality of pleasure. However, pleasure is no part of the conception of value, nor is a distinction made between quality and quantity.

[3] So for Kant would be an action that is determined by respect for law: "The direct determination of the will by the law and the consciousness of this determination is respect ...."—IMMANUEL KANT, *Foundations of the Metaphysics of Morals*, trs. by L. W. BECK (The University of Chicago Press, 1950), p. 62.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 97.

[5] Utilitarians, those who define good in terms of the consequences of acts, are found in both basic types.

general interpretations of value. But there are different areas in which these interpretations may be applied, for example the æsthetic and the moral. Cognition is a third area.[6] In all these areas we behave as if values were at stake; we engage in logical as well as in æsthetic and moral criticism.

We turn now to cognitive value. To assert that terms have value is to assume that cognition is either instrumental to the attainment of intrinsic value or is itself of intrinsic value. (*Cognition* is to be used in the very general sense of the consciousness of an object either in itself or in its relations. "Object" is not limited to the static, but may include process; and it may be either phenomenal or noumenal or either indirectly or directly apprehended). One who denies that cognition is a requirement of value must be prepared to say either (a) that cognition is not essential to the realization of value or (b) that there is no such fact as value.

Suppose that (a) is the case. Then the achievement of value does not imply the consciousness of anything; if it did, consciousness would be instrumental. A value achieved in the absence of consciousness,[7] if not a theoretically impossible conception, is far removed from the ordinary view of value with which inquiry must begin. We may not feel that we understand value, but we seek awareness of it. Even the person who thinks of value in a most irrational way, as pure indulgence of the feelings, would surely not exclude consciousness from feeling. The would-be suicide who thinks of death as annihilation is hard put to explain the sense in which absence of consciousness is preferable to pain. One wishes to escape from pain, but to escape into nothing is to remove the very condition that gives meaning to the escape.[8] Thus it is difficult to eliminate cognition as having instrumental value, and if it has instrumental value it is conceivable that it also has intrinsic value, for there are many things, such as health, that people value not only as means but also intrinsically.

The second alternative has attracted much attention of late in the ethical doctrines of the logical positivists. We shall consider A. J. Ayer, who holds that value sentences are without factual meaning, hence neither true nor false. The fact that people behave as if values were at stake, including the fact that Professor Ayer behaves as if he valued scientific understanding, does not prove that there are values. It should be noted that Professor Ayer limits his criticism to sentences containing normative ethical symbols — right, wrong, good, evil, etc. — because he believes that only these express our "existing ethical notions."[9] Thus he dispenses with utilitarians and subjectivists, who in his estimation reduce ethics to psychology. But his is a serious challenge. If he is correct, there can be no cognitive investigation of value, for there are no facts to lay hold of.

The crux of Professor Ayer's criticism lies in his theory of meaning. He takes value statements as normative *in intent*, but he finds no fact corresponding to the normative. Rightness and wrongness are not properties of acts in the way that swiftness and slowness are. If a term has meaning, some empiri-

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[6] See ALBUREY CASTELL, *An Elementary Ethics* (New York, Prentice Hall, Inc., 1954), p. 148.

[7] The role of consciousness is not assumed to be that of the consciousness of value. One might be consciousness of a value without being consciousness of it *as* a value.

[8] This is closely related to Kant's statement of the contradiction present in the concept of suicide.

[9] A. J. AYER : *Language, Truth and Logic* (Dover Publications, Inc., New York, 1946), p. 105.

cal test of the truth of the sentence in which it occurs should be conceivable. There are tests for liking or disliking certain acts or their consequences, but there are no similar tests for their rightness or wrongness. Thus, on the basis of the verification theory of meaning, the factual significance of value statements is denied.

But what supports the theory of meaning is a problem. If the theory has its basis in the definition of the conditions of factual meaning, it cannot according to Professor Ayer's view be a statement of fact, because no definitions are statements of fact. That the criterion of meaning has application — and there is no question of this — does not establish it as the only criterion. There seems to be neither an *a priori* nor an empirical method for deciding on the criterion. *A priori* methods, if they tell us nothing about the actual world but only about logical possibilities, cannot determine what does or does not have meaning to actual minds, but only what *can* have meaning to a possible mind. On the other hand, empirical procedures for deciding between criteria involve the concept of the useful, and the useful in turn involves either the relation between means and consequences *only* or the relation between means and *valuable* consequences. If Professor Ayer were to take the second interpretation, his procedure for excluding values would be a procedure that includes values for the sake of excluding them. If he took the first interpretation, then either the selection of the consequences that determine the utility is a necessarily determined selection — a difficult position to maintain empirically — or a selection is made that merely expresses a preference. Since Professor Ayer dos not appeal to values, it seems that he should find no more reason for his own denial of value facts than for someone else's affirmation of them. The positivistic denial of value facts is only a moralist's bugaboo. The denial is not established; of course, on the other hand, neither is the affirmation established by the failure of the denial. But this leaves open the investigation of value, including the values of words and terms.[10]

There is a conception of value that Professor Ayer has overlooked. It is that value lies not in feeling or satisfaction, but solely in the object of cognition. Then the very attempt he has made to transcend value in his thinking could be regarded as an approach to value differently conceived. His work might be regarded as not so much a denial of values as something in support of their transvaluation. Yet it is easy to see that Professor Ayer would reject this view, for it too is in conflict with his theory of meaning. That right evaluation is the consequence of the cognition of value, is the essence of the intuitionist position, and intuitionism in any form Professor Ayer rejects. The argument against intuition is the classic one: that in a conflict between intuitions, intuition does not disclose which, if any, is the genuine intuition.[11] The case against intuition is not, however, so easily closed.

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[10] It would be surprising if the investigation of value had to begin by establishing the existence of value, just as surprising as if the theory of knowledge were to begin with a demonstration of the existence of knowledge. Presumably the existence of value cannot be established until we know *what* value is; but what it is, is the object of the inquiry. This situation will not trouble one who has a sense of dialectic and who recognizes that the object of search is known first only negatively as not this, not that.

For criticism of positivistic ethics similar in intent but different in structure, see NATHANIEL LAWRENCE: "A Note on Value Statements," *The Journal of Philosophy*, Vol. 48, No. 20, September 27, 1951.

[11] AYER, *op cit.*, p. 106.

Those who have held seriously an intuitionist theory of cognition have been quite willing to admit that intuition does not provide demonstrative knowledge, if this means that intuitive knowledge can be imparted on a non-intuitive basis, *i.e.*, in terms of external grounds. The intuitionist's view is that knowledge in the most complete sense of the term is immediate, not discursive. It is not a collection of parts, but simple — at least in the sense of an organic whole. It is what the practical understanding, which makes use of signs, aims at but never actually attains. What can be tested is not intuitive knowledge, but a claim to intuitive knowledge, such as what one remembers to have known directly. Even if, as Bergson believed, intuition has consequences for discursive thought, the testing of these consequences is only in a specious sense a testing of the intuition, for an intuition cannot have false consequences. The relation between intuition and its consequences is similar to the relation (in Kant's ethical theory) of the good will to the consequences of action. Just as the moral worth of an action lies not in its consequences but in the will, so intuitive truth is not supposed to lie in any tests, but in the cognition itself; and just as Kant holds that the consequences for happiness, even though secondary, cannot be disregarded, so an intuitionist theory may insist on the consequences of intuition for discursive thought. Bergson compared the relationship of the intuitive and discursive sides of thought to that between the simple creative impulse to literary composition — which is indeed something deeply embedded in an acquaintance with literature — and the words that express it. The impulse is said to "break up into words."[12] Just so, intuition may be regarded as breaking up into discursive thought. If one believes that truth, like murder, will out, then from the point of view of discursive thought what is claimed as an intuition should stand up under all tests. But it is the claim that is tested, not the intuition. There is a distinction between what is *from* intuition and what is *in accord with* intuition (again as in Kant's conception of duty). Perhaps the status of what is intuited begins to look suspiciously like the status of the hypothesis that, despite all the efforts we make to disprove it, remains consistent with experience. Yet there is this basic difference. The hypothesis, if true, is true in relation to an experience external to it. The intuition, on the other hand, may overflow into the varieties of experience, but its truth does not lie in its relationships.[13] In terms of what it is not, it has a certain similarity to the One of Plotinus.

Intuition is an elusive subject in all the areas of philosophy. Its demands run counter to those of the ordinary practical or utilitarian understanding. It was necessary to introduce it in order to make room for non-naturalistic as well as naturalistic theories of value.

Our original question concerned the possibility of conceiving the value of words and terms by means of the value of cognition. Now we shall consider valuation as an obstacle to cognition.

There are two sources of bias in the clarification of ideas: one is incapacity, or lack of the power of discrimination; the other, prejudice arising from a lack

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[12] Henri Bergson: *Creative Evolution*, trs. by A. Mitchell (Henry Holt and Co., New York, 1911), p. 240.

[13] An intuitionist theory that conceives of the possibility of the vindication of truth is in need of certain metaphysical assumptions. The following are suggested as possibilities: (1) There is an infinite time, so that it may be said of any error that it will be unmasked. (2) There is a process in which all but intuition disappears, although this may be again followed by a process in which there is an accretion of errors.

of critical investigation of apparent values. Conceptions of these sources can be clarified in relation to the idea of definition.

Every useful definition involves a reduction to terms already known. If these terms are complex, they are definable; only the simple is indefinable. The person who grasps clearly a complex meaning must be aware of its constituents. Distortion occurs when there is either oversimplification or overcomplication. When one is vaguely aware of the complexity of an idea, one may treat it as simple; also one may complicate an idea by adding to it attitudes and associations.[14] Sometimes what stands in the way of analysis is the feeling of familiarity, which is strengthened by the absence of practical difficulty in the application of a word. An application that does not involve frustration is usually taken as having positive value. Thus the fact that one does not feel the need for analysis does not imply that one has arrived at a clear understanding of terms. Uncritical evaluation may be the cause of not arriving at the full meaning, hence a source of distortion. Lack of capacity, on the other hand, does not involve the overlooking of the constituents of a meaning, for the constituents are not available. If one person perceives a meaning in its fullness, and another is incapable of this, then the two do not really have in mind the same meaning, nor do they employ the same terms. Similar considerations hold for groups.

ROBERT REIN'L

(*To be concluded*)

DELIGHT is to him who against the proud gods and commodores of this world ever stands forth his own inexorable self. Delight is to him whose strong arms yet support him when the ship of this base, treacherous world has gone down beneath him. Delight is to him whom all the waves of the billows of the seas of the boisterous mob can never shake from the sure Keel of the Ages.

— HERMAN MELVILLE

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[14] The latter, G. E. Moore finds in the confusion of *good* with *the good*. *Good* is a simple quality; *the good* is anything that possesses this quality. Because good things are pleasant, pleasure is sometimes confused with goodness itself.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

D. L. Howard, author of the recent book *The English Prisons,* writes in *The Times Educational Supplement* (September 23rd, 1960) of the value of group discussion tried out on twenty-two "A stream" boys in their third year at Granbrook County Secondary Boys' School, Kent.

The experiment was based on the recognition that, as pupils become more psychologically and physically mature, they need a special guidance to feel their way towards the fundamental moral principles on which human happiness and satisfaction must rest. For too often, to the adolescent, such principles, and the topics that involve them, seem bound up with adult authority, which is either accepted without thought, or which arouses opposition. Mr. Howard, feeling that the right attitude could be more easily induced by the impact of contemporaries, divided the boys into groups of seven or eight for a double period once a week (though it might be more difficult with a larger class). They were "told simply to discuss any matters which seemed important to them in their daily lives" without any of the ritual of formal debate. The master kept in the background for the first session, noting, however, that all the boys were being brought into the discussion. Later on, he intervened only when talk had become gossip in any group. Then "a provocative remark addressed to the right boy" brought them back to fruitful subjects. There was naturally much heated argument, with differing viewpoints, but eventually "the more sensational attitudes adopted by belligerent members on, for example, sexual promiscuity were rectified quickly by others" and in the final outcome the majority had worked towards a sound moral attitude far more effectively under the pressure of opinion than if the moral principles had merely been presented by the teacher. Indeed, when the teacher curbed himself patiently, he found that, sooner or later, the desired viewpoint was expressed by one of the boys.

The result of this freedom, after a term's experience, showed itself in a greater unity in the class. The master himself gained more insight into the boys' characters, while the boys themselves increasingly came, in a quite natural way, to ask for advice on questions of behaviour, or relationships, and on broad moral problems. While the orthodox discipline on other lessons was not harmed by the experiment, Mr. Howard found the boys' sympathy with him increased, as also their recognition of the problems of parents and others with whom they occasionally came into conflict. The freedom to use their own speech and slang at these discussions did not harm their speech at more conventional lessons, and, in the formal debates held at the end of the term, eliminated much of the previous pretentiousness.

What would these boys make, one wonders, of such a subject as the Eastern conception of the moral law of Karma, which complements the Western Christian doctrine that we must reap what we sow? The latter might well seem unrealistic to them by itself, but, if it were recognized as actual law, could have far-reaching implications even for everyday subjects such as those discussed by the boys — "courtesies to adults,

teenage dress, hire purchase, apprenticeship" or staying out late without letting one's parents know.

"The science of land health," a phrase coined by the late Aldo Leopold, the American ecologist-naturalist, is used by Lady Eve Balfour, of the Soil Association, London, as the theme for a significant survey in *The British Vegetarian* (September-October 1960). She compares the orthodox with the organic theory about pests and diseases in crops and livestock. The orthodox theory claims these have always existed, before modern agricultural techniques were evolved, and that spraying policy, despite certain disadvantages, prevents heavy losses from these causes. The organic theory agrees that "pests and diseases" have always existed, but as part of a biological pattern of "food-chains"; the very strife between the various "layers of life" makes a balance of creation-destruction that ensures the survival of the whole. Only "when a species is threatened with really destructive damage, interdependence has become imbalance." Modern agricultural techniques actually engender and increase such imbalance, which only long-term organic methods will restore. There is evidence that 40 sprayings a year are now commonly necessary in orchards to control pests, where formerly two or three were enough; further, the use of sprays as deterrents actually induces immunity in the pests, though it may save one season's crop. She cites cases where cotton, orange and banana crops, formerly damaged by pests, have, after a change to compost methods, given greater yields, without needing spray control. Other cases in Europe are mentioned where organic plots produce healthy crops in the midst of virus-and-pest-ridden holdings, and where livestock is free from deficiency and other diseases, even in areas where disease is epidemic.

In Aldo Leopold's illuminating words:—

> Land ... is not merely soil; it is a fountain of energy flowing through a circuit of soils, plants and animals. Food chains are the living channels which conduct energy upward; death and decay return it to the soil.

This circuit of energy cannot be investigated by chemical means, the basis of most agricultural science. "Something chemically the same may be very different as a conductor of living energy." Orthodox agricultural science is thus accused, (1) of turning a blind eye to the complexities of the biological balance; (2) of attempting to make it fit preconceived, oversimplified and therefore sterile patterns; and (3) of trying to remedy symptoms without considering causes, because good intentions are marred by the arrogance of partial knowledge. There are, she writes, signs of the change of thought that must precede change of action. Pioneer work by the Soil Association and others in this field must be welcomed by all who view the universe, with its dynamic interdependence of function throughout, as a living, intelligent whole.

The high price we have to pay for modern civilization is to be reckoned not only in our increasing dependence on the use of machines but also in the noisiness of the environment in which we are forced to live with the machines. The heavy physical and mental strain of this often leads to progressive deafness, nervous disorders, etc. Scientific research on the subject has revealed that apart from mental discomforts and health hazards excessive noise has deleterious effects on efficiency. A recent number of the *Journal of Scientific and Industrial Research*, brought out by the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, New Delhi, has a valuable article surveying the traffic noise in Indian cities.

Governments of all advanced countries have taken adequate measures to check

this noise nuisance and in a number of countries abatement is being authorized by legislation. The noise in the cities of New York, Berlin, Tokyo and London has been measured and it is refreshing to note that the National Physical Laboratory of India has made a similar traffic noise survey in the cities of Bombay and Delhi. The report published in the *Journal of Scientific and Industrial Research* discusses the subject of annoyance values of various levels of noise. According to a summary of the report, published in newspapers:—

> The daytime street noise level in Delhi and Bombay is, by and large, excessively high. In Delhi, the noisiest place is Daryaganj and in Bombay, it is Bhendi Bazar. It has been found that the maximum noise recorded is over 90 phons and the minimum is seldom below 60 phons. The noise of an average motor horn is about 100 to 115 phons. For work requiring mental concentration, a noise level below 60 phons is considered desirable while any figure above 80 phons is objectionable. For sleep, the level must be considerably below 60 phons.

As there has been a rapid growth in the size and activities of Indian cities in recent years, it is only natural that noise levels have gone up to uncomfortable levels in several of them. In addition to the noise due to traffic, the radios turned on full blast in many houses and the blaring loudspeaker systems employed at social functions are other common sources of disturbing noise in many areas. When one remembers that continuous exposure to noise, even of low intensity, is believed to lead not simply to nervous annoyance or deafness but to stomach ulcer, cancer and diseases of the heart, one feels that the urgent need for effective steps to limit environmental noise cannot be overemphasized. It is hoped that the authorities will soon initiate measures to lower noise levels and relieve living and working in urban areas from their pressure.

A tendency towards fragmentation seems to be characteristic of the countries which attained independence in the wave of resurgent nationalism now evident in Asia and Africa. Immature pride in separate languages and blind loyalty to the parish pump play a prominent part in the drift towards separatism in India. Vice-President Dr. S. Radhakrishnan was naturally referring to this sad state of affairs while unveiling a statue of Mahatma Gandhi recently in Amritsar during the Gandhi Jayanti Week.

It is appropriate that thoughts of unity and integration should dominate the week celebrating the birth of Gandhiji, who always saw as a nation this Indian conglomeration of races, castes and tribes. The Vice-President, according to a report in the *Hindustan Times*, said:—

> The Ram Rajya of Gandhiji's dream could be established only when the evils in our society, evils which were merely projections of our own thoughts, were removed. We change the social order only to the extent to which we change ourselves.

Urging the need for a cleansing of public life in the country at all levels, Dr. Radhakrishnan pointed out how Mahatma Gandhi had placed before the country the ancient law of renunciation, and added:—

> Unfortunately, after the attainment of independence, love of power, personal ascendency, caste and communal feelings, provincial jealousies, political expediency and partisanship seem to be on the increase. In some parts of the country even administration suffers from group politics. Our provincial attachments, which supersede even party allegiances, remind us of primitive feuds. Each one of us will have to look within himself and rid himself of the torments of greed and ambition, false pride and group feeling. We have to build from within. We must train our masses, who have a heart of gold, who feel for the country, but who want to be taught and led. What is needed are a few intelligent and sincere workers. They can make the whole nation to act intelligently and democracy can be evolved out of mobocracy.

It is surprising that in a circular issued recently, the Delhi Administration has suggested to its five thousand employees that they get themselves "sterilized": According to a report in the *Statesman* (New Delhi),

> The Delhi Administration has promised extra casual leave for six days, free operation and medical attendance to those getting themselves sterilized. This facility has also been extended to all industrial workers in Delhi territory. Some of the employees interpret the circular as a directive and propose to seek a clarification.

Nothing seems to be more revolting than the extent of the campaign now being carried on in this country in favour of artificial birth control. Among the several arguments put forward for this unholy campaign are that the country is overpopulated and that there will not be enough food to go round if the birth rate continues to rise at the present rate.

Admittedly it would be a very good thing if our population was so limited that each one had sufficient food, accommodation, education and employment; but if one were to suggest the achievement of this desirable end by destroying the infant population or the aged and the infirm, one would surely be regarded as a monster. But how is the current drive for "family planning," which includes contraception and sterilization, any more moral? The report adds:—

> The Delhi Administration proposes to introduce an extensive programme for birth control and family planning in the Union Territory. Schemes envisaging an expenditure of Rs. 13 lakhs have been drawn up for this purpose for inclusion in the third Plan. These schemes include the setting up of a mobile surgical unit, provision of surgical facilities in hospitals, setting up of six new family-planning clinics and augmentation of the staff of surgical department of Hindu Rao and Victoria Zenana hospitals.
>
> The mobile surgical unit to be set up at a cost of Rs. 2.72 lakhs will carry out vasectomy on people who volunteer themselves for sterilization. This unit will function at primary health centres and in hospitals in the rural as well as urban areas. In addition to this mobile unit, the surgical departments of Hindu Rao and Victoria Zenana hospitals will also be augmented at a cost of Rs. 2 lakhs to undertake this operation.

Sterilization facilities now available in a few hospitals are proposed to be extended to other hospitals in Delhi and it is further reported that in addition to these measures the Union Home Ministry, to encourage family planning, has issued instructions to all the Government Departments and State Governments to allow six days' leave to those employees who undergo this operation.

It needs no argument to prove that contraception, and more so sterilization, are unjustified and artificial recourses, while there is a perfectly harmless and natural means of achieving the same object — continence. Where there is a choice of means, preference must be given to the least damaging and the least in conflict with natural law. It is a pity that in the current drive for family planning, the authorities seem to overlook an unnatural and therefore evil means, however good their intentions. Does this not sound strangely inconsistent with the Directive Principles of our Constitution, in which moral principles are enshrined? In the case of family planning, expediency is allowed to overrule morality.

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